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The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912.

The Week

President Taft's signing of the pension bill can be explained only as a yielding to strong political appeals. His advisers and campaign managers have no doubt pointed out to him the damaging use that would have been made of a veto in the critical Ohio primaries. It was very likely urged upon him also that the bill would be passed over his veto. Very likely it would. The log-rolling combination in Congress which favors this waste of public funds, this means of political corruption, is unquestionably powerful. But how is it even to be checked, how is it to be prevented from moving on to other successful raids upon the Treasury, unless the Executive shall make a stand against it? For the present, it has cut down its demands from $75,000,000 a year to $25,000,000 or $30,000,000—nobody knows how much money the increases of pension now granted will cost. But the next step and then the next will speedily be taken, and we shall soon have the dollar-a-day pension with charges of $100,000,000 additional.

This opportunity to do a great national service was before President Taft, but he has been dissuaded from attempting to render it. That he would have flung himself into the breach, had it not been for the exigent political situation, there is good reason for believing. He has been preaching economy and working for it, yet he consents to sign away $25,000,000 a year in needless gratuities. No one has a clearer understanding than he of the principle at stake. He knows perfectly that this huge pension fund, secretly distributed, has become the sinews of war for politicians, and that no more threatening scheme has ever been devised, not merely to bind new burdens upon the taxpayers, but to eat away political purity. President Taft's failure to rise to the occasion, however, only defers the fight which will have to be made against all this pension debauchery, and for leadership in which the American people will have to search out a man of the Grover Cleveland type, strong and unafraid.

The friends of direct primaries must take prompt action to limit the expenses attached thereto unless primaries, too, are to come into disrepute. Hard on the heels of the announcement that Roosevelt's New York managers spent $5 for every vote he received in the recent primary, come the astounding figures from Pennsylvania, where it appears that approximately $2,000,000 was paid out by the friends of Taft and Roosevelt. In Pittsburgh alone the outlay was $98,635, that stern reformer, William Flinn, who made his money out of the intimate connection between politics and city contracting, alone giving $22,700 to Roosevelt. On the Taft side we find the same old sinister corporation contributions to the Republican fund which were fully as characteristic of the campaigns in Roosevelt's day as in any other. It is serious enough that there should now be two campaigns antecedent to each election—in Louisiana there have been three in the last nine months, which have virtually exhausted all the various factions. To this disadvantage should not be added the raising and expenditure of lavish sums of money in order that the people may rule!

Senator Rayner has given an interview in regard to the approaching campaign, in which he points out that, in his opinion, the tariff must be the chief issue. In this he is wise. The Democrats ought never to forget that this has been their winning issue, and it can be made so again by a fearless, sincere demand for a tariff for revenue only. True, some of the Southern Democrats are either luke-warm in opposition to the high tariff or openly protectionists for their local industries. But this only emphasizes the more the necessity of putting this issue to the front by the party as a whole. Never was the country so ripe for a full discussion of the tariff; never have the evils it brings with it been so apparent to the public at large. The Lawrence mill-strike has once and for all exploded the argument that protection means the safeguarding of American labor from the competition of hordes of underpaid foreigners. Even in Pennsylvania they have learned that it does not do to make a fetich of the tariff. The Pennsylvania Democrats have spoken out strongly for tariff revision, and other States should follow suit.

A memorably long battle for an important change in the Federal Constitution virtually ended Monday when the Congressional deadlock of a year over the direct election of Senators was broken. Most gratifying of all is the fact that, as passed, the resolution contains Senator Bristow's amendment preserving to the Federal Government supervision of the time, place, and manner of holding Senatorial elections. This was of the utmost importance, for without it the direct mandate of the Constitution that the electoral rights of citizens shall not be abridged might have been nullified. In other words, it would virtually have insured indefinite negro disfranchisement. Recognizing this, thirty-nine of the Southern Congressmen fought violently against the Bristow amendment, which Congressman Underwood, Southerner that he is, bravely upheld, although the other members of the Alabama delegation were among the thirty-nine. We do not believe that Mr. Underwood will suffer for this display of political courage, or that there is much in the threat that the South will now refuse to ratify the amendment to the Constitution. The country's sentiment is all the other way.

It would manifestly be improper and unfair to express an opinion about the charges brought against Judge Archbald until his witnesses shall have been heard or he shall make his own defence. But it is well to point out the completeness of the remedy the country has in case it should appear that a Federal judge has been guilty of malfeasance. Impeachment has, happily, been very infrequently resorted to in our history—happily, because there has been no necessity for it. But the process can be made speedy and effective. We see this in the initial steps which have promptly been taken in this instance. A quiet investigation by the Department of Justice, then a turning over of the papers to the Judiciary Committee of the House, next an open inquiry, with full

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taking of testimony and cross-examination of witnesses, then an orderly report on the matter to the House, with preparation of articles of impeachment following, if necessary. Such a procedure, long established and perfectly understood, is a much readier means of getting at judicial corruption than any haphazard system of "recall" could possibly be. In fact, the difficulties of working out any plan of recalling Federal judges by popular vote are so great that even the most enthusiastic recallites have shrunk from attacking that problem.

The action of the House in voting to abolish the Commerce Court looks more impetuous than considered. Advantage appears to have been taken of two or three decisions by that court which have given offence—and which will come for review before the Supreme Court—and also of the charges made against Judge Archbald. But the real question is whether the objects aimed at by the original establishment of the court are not still worth seeking to attain, and whether they have not in good part been already attained. They were, as all know, to bring questions affecting railway rates and so on directly before a single Federal court, so that a body of unified decisions might be built up, and also to expedite the hearing of such cases. As to the latter, we have the assertion of President Taft, based on the record, that the Court of Commerce has reduced the average delay in getting such cases to trial from nearly two years to about six months.

Honor is no monopoly of thieves—there is honor among murderers also. That sort of honor is the virtue of the citizens of Coatesville, Pa. Six of the twelve alleged leaders of the mob which last August burned the negro Zach Walker at the stake were acquitted in short order last year by Chester County juries. Last week another jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in favor of a seventh defendant, whereupon the State gave up in despair, and asked that the five remaining prisoners might be discharged.

Mr. McCormick's gift of twenty-five thousand dollars to last year's victorious football team at Princeton is a commendable step in the direction of putting athletics on a really sound commercial basis. Football finances have already enlisted some of the finest minds in our colleges, but the happy-go-lucky spirit of play has still been too prominent in the management of our leading intercollegiate interest. The elaborate system of recruiting material from the preparatory schools, the long and arduous period of training, the spirit that makes defeated teams walk weeping from the field, all these facts have gone far towards removing the silly notion that intercollegiate games are played just for the fun of the thing. Football is real, football is earnest, even if the grave sometimes lies beyond the goal. Spring practice and autumn practice, the enlistment of an army of expert coaches, the long blackboard drill in strategy, the dispatch of trained watchers for the purpose of studying the peculiarities of rival teams, all these things have happily contributed towards making football a business and not an amusement. What was needed was the prospect of a substantial money reward for the victorious team to free football contests from any intrusion of the play instinct.

Each year comes the season of one sport in which there is neither sensationalism, commercialism, nor danger. That season is upon us, and the sport is angling. The best thing about it is that it depends for complete enjoyment not upon a full creel or a record fish, but upon exercise and environment. Walton sounded this note when he wrote: "Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward unto itself." This is not to decry the actual catching of fish nor the skill which is necessary to accomplish it. That in itself is an art, as the Compleat Angler again bears witness. "Angling is somewhat like poetry," it declares; "men are to be born so." But we know no sport in which success is so unnecessary to pleasure as in this gentle art. The close touch of nature, the dapple of sunlight on swift water or the limpid mirror of the quiet pool—these things are to be prized for themselves.

To place the lure daintily upon the stream, to watch the flashing rise of the fish, and then to play him to defeat and capture, these are the fascinations of this sport. But because of its simplicity and because it is incompatible with hurry and bustle and "push," angling is an antidote for many of the sicknesses of the present day. It cannot well be exploited. It does not gather jostling thousands in confined areas, and then raise their excitement to the point of hysteria. It offers little encouragement for individual display and modifies competition to a basis of friendly rivalry. Therefore, angling is healthy for mind as well as body, and offers at once a pleasant and a profitable escape from the feverish activity of modern business and the equally feverish whirl of modern pleasure. One of the safest hobbies for the man of to-day is that of rod and reel. Let him spend a day or a fortnight on a stream where the spotted trout lie snug and he "will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."

On February 23, 1910, Andrew Furseth, president of the International Seamen's Union of America, presented a petition to Congress. In connection therewith he made a statement to that body which contained the following prophecies, remarkable enough in the face of the Titanic disaster:

> Safety at sea! What a lot of rot has been written and spoken on this subject! Safety at sea is promoted, first, by a good vessel, stanch and well found; second, by good boats and *enough of them;* third, by a crew sufficient in number and skill to handle the vessel while she is afloat, to lower, man, and handle the boats when the vessel must be abandoned. . . . Now, let me entrust you with a very deep secret. There is not sailing to-day on any ocean *any passenger vessel* carrying the number of boats needed to take care of the passengers and crew, nor a sufficient number of skilled men to handle those boats which are carried.

Mr. Furseth added that "vessels that cannot sink and will not burn have not yet been built." If the public wished safety, it must insist, he declared, that there should be a standard of individual efficiency for the deck crew, and that there should be provided for these men "a decent place to live, eat, and sleep in." To do so, he concluded, would be to help save thousands of lives.

That the officers of steamships are underpaid and overstrained is pretty definitely understood; that the crews are in similar state, besides being improperly quartered in a place where it is

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least easy to turn out in a hurry, bids fair to be proved equally true. At any rate, the Titanic's loss has made it clear that things are not going well among seamen. Despite the calmness of many of the crew, some of the facts that are coming out do not redound to the credit of the men of the sea. Like the captains of those near-by steamers that could have saved all, but refused, they have made us all ask whether the old ideal of the sailor as a man brave to rashness, ready at any time to risk his life for others, and characterized by many other noble attributes of character, has faded from the sea; whether the modern steel machine shop and hotel they call a liner has made of the crew an ignoble unseamanlike lot. If this is true even in slight degree, then let us begin at the bottom as well as at the top; let us have well-paid, well-lodged, and well-fed sailors and enough of them, trained to boats and drilled in their duties.

On all sides it is admitted now that a clean-cut victory has been won by Madero's forces in Chihuahua. The rebel army is in precipitate retreat northward, and it is doubtful whether even its intrenched positions at Rellano can hold out against the superior artillery strength of the Federalists. Apart from the principal scene of operations, Maderist successes are reported in several directions, and altogether the situation during the last week has dramatically changed. It may have been the feeling that one more defeat meant the ruin of their cause which spurred the Federalists on to desperate efforts. But there are indications also that long and careful preparations had been made for the battle and that an excellent strategist is at work in Madero's camp. The effective way in which Orozco's outflanking attempt was beaten back a few days ago, and the equally effective way in which the victory was followed up with an assault in front, show that the reported demoralization of the Federalist forces was a myth. If Orozco, instead of making an immediate attempt to retrieve his fortunes, decides to continue his retreat northward, this fact taken in conjunction with the Vasquez Gomez fiasco at Juarez will add enormously to Madero's prestige and administer a sharp check to intervention talk in this country.

The Home Rule bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week by a majority of 101, which is seven more than the majority on the first reading. Mr. Asquith in his closing speech declared that if the Irish vote in the House of Commons were eliminated, there would still be a majority of forty or fifty in favor of Home Rule, and forty is just what the actual vote indicated. If we subtract from the Government poll of 372 the 81 Irish Nationalist votes and from the Opposition poll the twenty-odd Ulster votes, the count would have stood 290 to 250. There thus exists within Great Britain a substantial majority in favor of ending the centuries-old quarrel with Ireland by rendering to the sister nation the rights she has so long and so persistently demanded. This circumstance Mr. Asquith turned to effective use in appealing to a sober, practical nation like the English. Respect for the established fact has been ingrained in the British temperament. And what more solid fact can be adduced than a people that has not ceased to clamor for self-government, year in, year out, in peaceful ways and through violence? Mr. Asquith argued that under democratic conditions this persistent claim must be satisfied. But no Government, whether democratic or not, could hope to hold out forever against such a campaign as Ireland has waged.

An amusing and somewhat instructive controversy was provoked by a remark of Lloyd George's in his speech on Welsh Disestablishment. Lord Hugh Cecil had protested that it was something like "sacrilege" to lay a hand upon the temporal possessions of the Church, and Lloyd George retorted that the Cecil family had not always objected to grants of Church property. The allusion was, of course, to gifts of priories and ecclesiastical manors to the Cecils in the sixteenth century. Both Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil asserted that none of this property had descended to them, but they were promptly called to book by Professor Pollard of Oxford, with citations from the "Papers" of Henry VIII. As Lord Robert had observed that Pollard's views were "astonishing even in a professor," the professor was seemingly justified in retorting that Lord Robert's idea of evidence was "astonishing even for a lawyer." It was Lord Hugh, however, who had the last word, and displayed the family talent for controversy by declaring that it was absurd to hold that "remote descendants are precluded from censuring immoralities which resemble those by which their ancestors benefited." He wound up pungently:

> Suppose that Mr. Churchill denounced in the House of Commons some transaction as corrupt, would it be anything but childish and ill-mannered to reply that it was too late for him to talk about corruption because the great Duke of Marlborough made illicit profits on army contracts, and Lord Sunderland freely accepted bribes? I am surprised that a man in Professor Pollard's position should be so foolish. He might as well pick a pocket and then complain that the policeman who arrested him was descended from Robin Hood.

News of the sending to London of Germany's ablest diplomat in the person of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, is a clear reminder of the fact that the decadence of the ambassadorial office has been a good deal exaggerated. The telegraph and the cable have undoubtedly restricted the scope and liberty of diplomatic representatives. Great issues are now handled directly from the seats of government, or else the policy of a nation's representative abroad is guided by daily instructions from home. The principal function of an ambassador has been taken to consist in the cultivation of pleasant social relations with the Government and the people to whom he is accredited, which, of course, is an indirect way of promoting the smooth functioning of diplomatic business. But recent events have shown that it still rests with an ambassador whether he is to be merely an exalted messenger boy or a personal factor. It is now recognized everywhere that in the late negotiations between France and the German Empire in regard to Morocco and the Congo, the French ambassador at Berlin, Jules Cambon, conducted his case with extraordinary ability. The history of diplomatic negotiations between Germany and Great Britain during the same difficult period also showed that a little less Prussian rigidity on the part of the retiring ambassador in London, Count Wolff-Metternich, might have saved a great deal of misunderstanding and heartburning. After all, even a messenger boy does not help things by whistling as he enters the office and slamming the door behind him.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

Monday's report by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, strongly favoring a six-year term for the President, with ineligibility for reëlection, is in line with the Clayton resolution now before the House. Both are plainly born of the present agitation over the question of a third term. But for that, it is safe to say that the proposal would not now have been brought forward. Constitutional amendments, however, are even less than ordinary laws devised to advantage in a flurry. If the proposed one were adopted—which it could not be finally before 1914 or 1915—it would be powerless to affect Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to break all Presidential records. If he were elected again this year he would thereafter be eligible for another term—then six years. It is plain, therefore, that so far as concerns his individual case, we shall have to depend upon the unwritten law against a third term, with his specific pledge under no circumstances to accept another nomination.

There are, of course, independent arguments for the six-year term. The disturbance and turmoil of Presidential elections would not then fall every four years. The agony would be subdivided by six. It is also urged that the longer term would enable a President to mature his policies and carry out his plans better than in four, while the temptation to play to the galleries and make an improper use of patronage in order to win another election would be removed from him. It is an engaging picture that is presented to us of a Chief Magistrate devoting himself absorbingly to the duties of his high office, in a serene atmosphere above party politics and partisan bickerings, a calm and strong leader and exponent of the popular will. All this is appealing, and the reasons given for the change have a weight that everybody can perceive; but certain practical difficulties occur to those who look into the matter carefully.

First and foremost of these is the fact that the proposed alteration of our fundamental law does not sufficiently take into account the profound change which has come over the American conception of the Presidency. The President of the United States as the people have come to know him, or to desire that he should be, is no longer merely an Executive. He is something more than commander-in-chief of the army and navy. His functions are not exhausted with the duty of enforcing the law or taking charge of our foreign relations or making appointments to office. He has become, not only a great public official, but the leader of a party. Under our system of government by party—which has developed in a way that Washington and Hamilton and even Jefferson could not foresee—the President has more and more approached the office of a Prime Minister. He is the man, that is to say, who goes before the country with a programme of legislation and official achievement, and then, if power be given him, is expected to carry out his pledges through vigorous leading of his party following. That is why the President has become more and more the great national figure, the chief national voice. The people look to him both to propose and to execute. It is a party which has carried him into office, but he is looked to by the country to make use of the power of his party and his authority to put through measures for the general good. The Presidency has now a much greater emphasis of initiative and leadership than attached to it in the earlier history of the republic. It can all be summed up in saying that we now think of the President not simply as the head of the Government but the head of a party.

Granting this, a little reflection will show that the adoption of a single six-year term—or a single term of four years—might operate to deprive the President of a good deal of his power and his efficiency. His continuous vigor as leader of his party may depend not only upon harmonious working with its members, but upon the feeling which he is able to inspire that its future hopes are tied up with his policies and his personality. To make a party work well you have got to hold out prospects of achievement to it; to show that it is winning and may keep on winning. If you take away the rewards of success, you diminish the motive to strive for success. Now, the great reward in the Presidency thus far has been popular approval expressed by party support and a second nomination. It is not wise to make an end of this in a hurry.

Concrete examples leap to mind to reinforce the abstract argument. What would the nation have been advantaged if Andrew Johnson's term had been six years? He had got so hopelessly out of touch with Congress, and so out of sympathy with the country, that his Administration became futile; and two years more of it would have been intolerable. Mr. Hayes was in many respects an excellent President. But the conditions under which he came to the office, together with his explicit promise not to seek a second term, made him a nullity as a party leader. The consequence was that his years in office were nearly barren in all matters of constructive legislation. Congress passed the Silver bill over his veto. He could not command party support. In no sense was he regarded as the man to get things done for the people. The very fact that all the politicians knew that he was not to be a candidate again robbed him of a part of his official authority; and two years more in the Presidency would only have made matters worse. Even the mighty Roosevelt became almost negligible in the last year of his Presidency. Congress would not even read his messages, much less give heed to them. The authority as party leader and fated nominee which he had in 1902 and 1903, was almost stripped from him in 1907.

We do not contend that such considerations are conclusive of the question. But they are surely worth taking into the reckoning. If the movement to change the length of the Presidential term is to be seriously pursued, the subject must be studied in all its aspects. And it will never do to go upon the theory of the Presidency as it exists on paper, while overlooking the development of the office in actual fact. Nor can there be any wisdom in going ahead with a plan which might result in giving us, not an active and ambitious President for four years, but a *roi fainéant* for six.

THE RIGHT OF POLITICAL ASYLUM.

It is plain that sentiment in Washington has changed rapidly since the Senate passed the Dillingham bill to limit immigration. The country, it appears, is not yet ready to put up the bars as high as some Senators would have it. And it is by no means ready to deny the right of political asylum, which here as in England has been one of the nation's glories ever since its foundation. Mr. Root would deport alien residents

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who have been found guilty of conspiring against a friendly Power. That is, in the case of Russians who might be found giving money to overthrow a blind despotism he would turn them over to the tender mercies of the Czar's minions, to be immured in the dungeons of Peter and Paul, or banished to Siberia. That even one house of the American Congress could take such action is deplorable. For the other to do so would be to announce to the world that this country is no longer to be a refuge for the victims of tyranny in other lands.

But, it will be asked, does political liberty involve the right to plot against the safety of a friendly nation? Ought we to permit foreigners to conspire against their home governments? Was that what the Puritans had in mind? Should we to-day permit the open fomenting in New York of revolutions in this or that South American republic, say, in Mexico or Guatemala? Well, that is precisely what has always been done in this country or in England. When has there been a time when the foreign revolutionist was not welcome in this country without regard to whether he had been plotting or was about to conspire against his Government? New Yorkers went wild with enthusiasm over the efforts of the Greek revolutionists to throw off the Turkish yoke, and planned to aid them with ships, recruits, and guns. When Kossuth came it was as a triumphal hero; his whole visit here was part of his plotting to free his countrymen. Indeed, it was our own Congress which in 1851 passed a joint resolution offering a vessel of the United States Mediterranean squadron to Kossuth and his fellow-exiles who had surrendered to Turkey, if they desired thus to escape the threatened extradition to Russia. It was in accepting this American offer at Broussa, on March 27, 1851, that Kossuth wrote:

> May your great example, noble Americans, be to other nations a source of social virtue; your power be the terror of all tyrants, the protector of the distressed, and your free country ever continue to be the asylum of the oppressed of all nations.

It goes without saying that the invitation to Kossuth did not include an admonition to him to refrain from plotting against the Austrians as soon as he arrived in this country. He was free to do anything he chose to advance the cause of Hungary. No one at that time, we venture to assert, would have dreamed that a Senator of New York could ever solemnly rise in his place in the Senate to limit the right of political asylum solely to those who were willing to forget their fellows in distress at home and to refrain from any activity on their behalf.

Similarly, when, in 1850, Garibaldi came to this country, he plotted against the Austrian masters of Italy. It was no more possible for him to refrain than it would have been for him to deny himself food and drink and air. Yet when the freedom of Italy came about it was a source of national pride that Garibaldi during his exile had found a home among us. What would have happened in our own time to the Cuban Junta of 1898 had Mr. Root's amendment been our law then? But the clearest case of all is that afforded by England during the long struggle for Italian unity. Indeed, to her shores came English, French, and German refugees throughout the entire liberal convulsions of the middle of the nineteenth century. Mazzini, Orsini, Blanc, our own Carl Schurz, Kinkel—but to call the roll of the revolutionists who settled in London to agitate against their home Governments, would be to call up the whole story of those struggles. The English refused to stop the activities of Mazzini and his fellow-conspirators—the exiled Italian "reds"—although Napoleon the Third urged it. Others besides the Queen were at one time anxious to do much to please Napoleon. But no consideration could alter this historic English policy, not even though every issue of Mazzini's newspaper incited his compatriots to rise and in many cases to kill.

Curiously enough, four years ago it was Secretary Root who refused to turn over to Russia Ian Pouren, the young Lettish revolutionist about whose activities at home considerable doubt existed, for Russia insisted that he was not a patriot, but a murderer. Now he would please Russia beyond anything she could wish—now when the places of refuge are steadily being circumscribed in Europe, when even Switzerland is beginning to surrender political refugees precisely as Germany has done these many years. An overturn in Turkey or in Persia might send to this country many a plotter against tyranny at home. Already there are thousands of exiled Russians here who cannot live without working for free Russia. Are they to be driven out of America, because they love liberty and abhor despotism? To ask the question is surely to answer it. This country is not yet ready to turn its back on its traditions; not yet ready to deny sympathy, comfort, and aid to refugees who plot for freedom.

WHERE PRINCETON STANDS.

President Hibben made the occasion of his inauguration on Saturday especially notable by the subject which he chose for his address. Regardless of the position he intended to take with reference to the issues involved, he could not have selected a more timely or more important topic than "The Essentials of Liberal Education," and the attitude he actually assumed adds to the significance of his utterances. That attitude was really announced in the word "liberal." For the battle that has now for some time been waging in the educational world may be not unfairly defined as centring upon the question: Shall education be liberal or narrow? The answer of Princeton's new president was given in no uncertain tones. "The University," he said, "is not specifically designed for the purpose of fitting a man directly for the daily duties of his future work in life. It should attempt to develop the whole man." And again: "Make a man and he will find his work." What President Hibben desires from the four years of training is "a transformation of the schoolboy into a man of the world—a man who can move more freely and familiarly in the midst of the world's varied activities, who speaks its language, who is conversant with its manners, and who can interpret its thought." The line of cleavage between this ideal and that of the man who can go directly from the exercises of his graduation to a high-salaried place in business or industry, is clear. Princeton, we understand, does not scorn the possibility or the desirability of the high salary, but she does refuse to make it the goal of her courses, or the test of their value.

The mere making of such a statement by a university president is sufficient indication of the distance we have come since learning got its second wind. What was formerly axiomatic must now be defended. The truth is that we care tremendously nowadays for some sorts of ideas, little or nothing for other sorts,

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and hardly know what it is to be interested in ideas as such and for themselves; so that one would not slander us overmuch who should declare that we know things, but are willing strangers to thoughts. Sinister emphasis would be given to such a criticism by the very arguments that are put forward by many of those who suppose themselves to be standing up for liberal education. These defenders begin by replying to the charge that "liberal" is here synonymous with "loose and inexact." They insist on the fact that a liberal education is no less disciplinary than any that one gets in a laboratory.

Then they proceed to descant upon the practical value of general ideas, taking their cue from those who see in such an argument a means of slurring over the distinction between humanistic and scientific studies. "What is known in mathematics under the name of limit," says Prof. C. J. Keyser, for instance, in a recent address printed in *Science*, "is everywhere present in life in the guise of some ideal, some excellence high-dwelling among the rocks, an 'ever-flying perfect,' as Emerson calls it, unto which we may approximate nearer and nearer, but which we can never quite attain, save in aspiration." Higher, or, more accurately, the highest mathematics is thus apparently allied with ethics, if not with theology. Doubtless equal pretensions could be put forward by partisans of physics, biology, and electrical engineering. But one finally becomes doubtful over the quality of the culture that is so widely distributed, however one may admire the sureness that selects an Emersonian phrase to describe it. What one feels like asking is why the cultural quality of a great science should need to be defined in terms that are drawn from another field.

All these things that are credited to culture are good, but the striking circumstance is that those who present them omit the highest considerations entirely. President Hibben put his finger upon this lack when he spoke of coming "to delight in the tasks of the intellect." We seem actually afraid "to rejoice in the labors of the mind." No one is ashamed to spend money and time in going to see a football game, and no one pretends that the compelling attraction in it for the teams is anything but the delight of the struggle and the ambition to win, and yet we hesitate to advance as a reason for becoming familiar with the greatest books that have ever been written, the sheer pleasure of their perusal, or at least, the development of such an enjoyment. This is at the top of the list of motives for devotion to anything that makes for culture. President Hibben spoke of "training in the accurate and facile mode of giving expression to knowledge," and the ability to understand one's own language "with some appreciation of its power and beauty." Not the efficiency of a machine, but the appreciation that is human, is the final goal of liberal education. Whatever our achievements in gold and silver and brass and iron, we are but twentieth-century Goths if we fail to respond to the beauty and sublimity of great ideas, or are unable fittingly to express our own.

MEASURING THE MIND.

As a man thinketh, so much doth he also weigh. This, or something like it, is the new standard which is soon to be used in education. To state, says Prof. E. L. Thorndike, that a pupil's knowledge of German "is about equivalent to that required for passing intermediate German," is much as though one were to describe the length of an object by saying: "It is about as long as a man can jump." Education has become scientific, and apparatus is making to register ability as accurately as we weigh butter and cheese. To those who have children in school the proposal may seem startling, but that is because they have not kept up with the times. Another expert in the new science, Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, director of the division of education on the Russell Sage Foundation, speaks of the cause as virtually won. The "old guard" of conservatives have been driven (by the progressives, of course) into their "final citadel" where they are now about to capitulate. What else can they do when "they scan the history of science and remember that through the development of measurements astronomy grew out of astrology, chemistry emerged from alchemy, and physics developed from mystery?" The quotations in both instances are made from papers in the *School Review* for May.

Professor Thorndike is perfectly clear in what he proposes. The educational product must be weighed by definite units. But a unit implies a zero starting-point and zero, therefore, is the first thing to determine, that is, "just barely not any originality" in mathematics, English composition, etc. Here is the sample taken "as zero of merit for writing by young people in their teens":

> Dear Sir: I write to say that it aint a square deal Schools is I say they is I went to a school. red and gree green and brown aint it hito bit I say he don't know his business not today nor yesterday and you know it and I want Jennie to get me out.

It matters not that most persons would let this pass as crazy. Forty "experts" have expressed their judgment that it is absolute zero. Six other compositions are furnished, written by pupils of high school age. These are found by two hundred experts to differ by approximately equal steps. Agree on your units and samples, and any tyro can do the rest.

Much of the reasoning urged in behalf of this new system is by analogy. To offset the objection that the personal work of education is not in the domain of exact science, we are reminded that "mothers do not love their babies less who weigh them." Yet they would love them less if they thought of them purely in terms of pounds and ounces. "We have ceased exalting the machinery," says Mr. Ayres, "and have commenced to examine the product." And he proceeds to explain what marvels scientific management has wrought in bricklaying. But bricks is bricks! It is only within a few years, he goes on, that schools have kept a record of students who failed to complete the course. Fancy a stage-manager not knowing it if only 125 out of 1,000 in an audience remained to see the last act of a play! If properly wrenched, it is true, any analogy is useful. There is just enough truth in all this propaganda to create a following. Every teacher knows, for instance, that students can often be grouped under a few fairly definite types. Within a given type processes of thought remain pretty constant. Much truth can also be got from percentages. If half of a large class fails to pass the examination, it is right to suppose that the test is too hard, etc. Figures, however, must always wait upon common sense, which would never be the case if such a formula as Professor Thorndike's

$$Y = Pe^{\frac{-x^2}{2npq}}$$

were introduced. The game of finding a meaning for these cabalistic signs

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would be fascinating if it were not so tragic. Y, we will say, represents the youngster, x his unknown capacity (for judgment is to be beautifully suspended), P the price to the taxpayer, e the exercises, n the noon-hour, p the product, and q its quality. The answer will be in dollars and cents.

This, we infer, is quite as it should be. A superintendent of schools in Massachusetts is worried because "it is costing $269.77 to put a boy and $281.63 to put a girl through the technical course." Now, he says, if by Professor Thorndike's exact measurements educational values can be fixed, what thorns will be plucked from the administrator's flesh! In one high school the cost of instruction in history per pupil is $10.20, in another $11.80. "Is the product in one school worth 15 per cent. more than that in the other?" No one can say until the product is put to the rule. Meanwhile it is perfectly clear what teachers are busied with these days. The amount of mere bookkeeping required of them is appalling. The recitations of individual pupils have to be squared to certain formulæ and elaborate percentages have to be figured. With the system upon her a teacher hesitates to hand in figures which differ from the norm. The inference drawn by the superintendent would be that she had erred in the reckoning, not that she had a number of unusual pupils. All this cannot fail to rob her teaching of life and personality, and to make her think of her wards as little sheep.

Our youth are indeed to be pitied if the fad of scientific management ever has full sway in the schools. As it is, the matter has been carried far, even in colleges. Owing to the tyranny of the grade system young men have learned to think in terms of percentage. Not what good they have got from a course, but the mark is paramount. If they are in any doubt about the progress they are making, the college records, all beautifully kept, are open for their inspection, and the authority of black and white convinces even their young rebellious minds. When the work of the professor of pedagogy has finally been reduced to the quality of ledgers and card-catalogues, then common sense will perish from our schools—unless we are saved by a sense of humor.

NATIONAL TYPES.

The large number of Americans who will set foot in Europe for the first time in the course of next summer will be the recipients of a double impression. They will find the land and the cities very much like what they expected them to be, and the people utterly different. This will hold good for every country to which chance or Mr. Cook may bring them. The photograph, the panorama, and, in later days, the picture post-card have gone far towards robbing nature and art in the Old World of the first fine flower of surprise for the transatlantic pilgrim. But Man, the oldest of mysteries, has managed to elude all the efforts of guide-book men. The Louvre, the Vatican, and the Milan Cathedral are very much like their pictures, but the men who have built these monuments or now dwell about them are not at all like the stock national types which have been foisted upon the world by unscrupulous comic artists and unobservant travellers.

If, then, those Americans who are still to discover the Old World will make up their mind to see *Homo Europæus* as he is, they will not only add to the general stock of truth, but make their journey a succession of glad surprises. They will find the Englishman in London an affable, free-spoken, hustling type of man and not a slat-like Phileas Fogg in a peaked-cap. They will see him dash across the slippery pavement of Oxford Street at the imminent risk of his life and clamber up the omnibus steps with an alacrity that is popularly supposed to be a purely American faculty. They will hear him speak with an animation, a musical coloring to the voice, and not infrequently an accompaniment of gesture, that we associate with the emotional Gaul. True, he will be often discovered in the act of drinking tea, but that is an external factor. Cross the Channel and the traveller will find that the average Parisian looks like a German and frequently has a German-sounding name. Where are the peg trousers, the tight-hipped frock coat, and narrow-brimmed silk-hat which are the inalienable prerogatives of the comic Frenchman? Where are the whiskers and the frantic play of gesture? They are rare on the Boulevard. The modern Parisian is clean-shaven, full-fed, florid, and mustachioed. Leave him and cross into Germany, and the traveller will find millions of men who do not wear spectacles.

Is there then no such thing as a national type? There is. But the casual traveller will hardly discover him. The national type is the embodiment of age-long tradition. He is the composite figure of a thousand photographs, supplemented and intensified by the pencil of the satirist. And it takes two relays of satirists fully to evolve the national type for international circulation. First comes the typical Englishman or Frenchman as the English or French satirist sees him. Then come the French artist's improvements on the English comic type and the Englishman's improvements on the French comic type. Sometimes, it must be admitted, the foreign improvements are such as to change the original beyond recognition. Sometimes there is a change in spirit rather than in the body. Good-natured Uncle Sam, as we know him, grows more angular, more hawk-like, and quite sinister. Orotund John Bull retains his figure only in the political cartoons. For social purposes the Continental mind visualizes the Englishman as an elongated man being with big teeth and accompanied by a very tall, thin daughter with large feet, a veil, and an umbrella. The sturdy and stolid Michel, whom the Germans use to describe themselves, is transformed into the equally stolid but physically quite different pot-bellied German professor with a pipe. The Frenchman has no reluctance to think of himself as Tartarin, but the malicious pencil of the foreigner makes him brother to Alphonse and Gaston.

At the present moment the French press is taking high delight in the work of the Alsatian caricaturist and satirical writer, Hansi, who single-handed has been carrying on a campaign against the German Empire. In the person of Hansi's Professor Knatschke some French commentators find a type worthy to be set by the side of Pickwick and Tartarin. But the obvious rejoinder is that Pickwick and Tartarin are creatures of a kindly, a loving imagination, whereas Knatschke is the German type as the hostile eye sees it:

> Tall, eyes flashing behind gold-rimmed spectacles, features of a pure German type, framed in a large blond beard, Professor Doctor Wilhelm Siegfried Knatschke has won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen by his masterly writings on the superiority of German culture. He was still a student at the gymnasium of

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Königsberg, when he produced an historical dissertation in which he demonstrated that the frontiers of the German empire should be pushed still further to the west and that, for instance, the region of Moempelgard (now corrupted into Montbéliard) and Virten (now Verdun) belong historically and rightfully to the German Empire.

This is satire of no mean order. But it would be unsafe to form one's opinion of Germany and the spirit of its people on the basis of the adventures of Professor Knatschke and his daughter Elsa.

A REVOLUTION IN CLOTHES.

Recent telegraphic advices from Tibet, of all places, show once more that the triumph of democratic institutions goes hand in hand with the triumph of the silk hat. In the forbidden city of Lhassa, where only a little while ago reincarnated Buddhas held sway over a nation of monks and taxpayers, the after-effects of the Chinese revolution have been felt in full force, and the partisans of the republic are now wearing black frock coats and shiny headgear. The unchanging East, stirring from its immemorial sleep, has reached out with one hand for constitutional government and with the other for the stove-pipe hat. What happened in Japan when Western civilization came in is now repeated in China. Progress does not stop short with queue-cutting. Having rid themselves of the crowning glory of their hair, the men of China are now putting in its place the highly polished cylinder which has so long been the badge of Western statesmanship. The Oriental mind has puzzled much over the secret of the white man's ascendency. It could not be explained by any superiority in humanitarian ideals, or morals, or unselfishness. Hence the reason must be largely in the kind of clothes he wears.

So the world grows smaller every day, and the levelling hand of the Bond Street tailor and the milliner in the Rue de la Paix smoothes out all visible differences of race and creed. The artist may deplore the steady disappearance of local color under a pall of uniform ugliness, but the interests of civilization are above æsthetic considerations. Carlyle was by no means the first to point out that civilization is clothes and that differences in civilization are differences in clothes. If Asia's men were in the habit of wearing trousers and a starched collar, there would have been an entirely different cast to Mr. Kipling's race philosophy. The wily Oriental owes his reputation for guile chiefly to his habit of wearing felt slippers or no shoes at all. "Gum-shoe" statesmen are unpopular in every Western country. To make no noise when you walk, to be soft-spoken in conversation as Orientals are, to be deferential in manner—all this betokens a snakelike cast of soul that arouses a very natural feeling of repugnance in the European mind with its strong predilection for creaking military boots and a straightforward way of speaking out—to one who is weaker than you are. Very well, the Oriental mind has said to itself. We will also put on squeaky boots, purchase cannon and powder, speak in a loud voice to our inferiors, and in other ways demonstrate our manhood by making a noise in the world.

At heart this difference of clothes is one that the Western world subscribes to, even as far as the peoples of the East are concerned. When a magazine writer wishes to prove how rapidly China is becoming modernized, he shows us a photograph of the Chinese commander-in-chief and his staff in close-fitting military jacket, trousers, and boots, and a photograph of the provisional President and his Cabinet in frock coats and silk hats. When a nation has once grown habituated to the patent-leather shoe and the four-in-hand, it should find no trouble in mastering the intricacies of parliamentary government. There has been much ill-considered criticism of the common practice among missionaries in the Far East and Africa of putting their converts into European dress. People have indignantly contrasted the ugliness and discomfort of Manchester's shoddy cotton gowns and Brockton's footgear with the ease and the innate beauty of the discarded native costume. But such critics have wholly failed to grasp the truth which to the worker in the field is quite obvious. In no more emphatic way can the individual cut himself off from his past than by changing his clothes. At least, in no other way can the change be so emphatically and at the same time so easily indicated. To cast one's garments from one's self has always been a sign of regeneration. To put on other garments in their place, in every way as ugly and uncomfortable as the garments worn by the superior race, leaves little more to be desired.

To the unquestioned fact that it embodies within itself so completely the modern ideals of ugliness and discomfort, we must attribute the extraordinary appeal which the silk hat holds for all savage and semi-civilized peoples. Next after whiskey, it is the one gift of the white man that finds universal acceptance. It seems impossible to question the essential unity of the human race when we find the Parisian man of fashion and the Zulu chieftain exhibiting the same æsthetic standards. It is true that the African chieftain too frequently staves in the top of the hat and wears it as an ornament around his ankle, but that is only a matter of detail. To both men the silk hat is a thing that takes a high polish and creates discomfort and looks like nothing in nature, and as such it serves admirably as a symbol of civilization.

THE JUBILEE AND INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

ATHENS, April 16.

The celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the new University of Athens, combined with the sixteenth International Congress of Orientalists, brought a remarkably large number of distinguished scholars from all parts of the world to the city. Above a hundred universities and learned societies were represented. The line between the Jubilee and the Congress was not sharply marked, and critics were not wanting who felt that the scientific purpose of the Congress was obscured by the Jubilee. It was, in fact, a Jubilee Congress, the joyous spirit of which was further heightened by the holiday mood of Easter Week—the holiday season *par excellence* in the East. But how could even gray-bearded scholars be expected to resist the allurements of the awaking of Nature in Greece—and in Athens of all places? To wake up in the morning and see Hymettus in a purple glow, the distant sea glistening in the brilliant sunshine, and the Acropolis standing out against the bluest of skies, was surely sufficient to crowd out of one's thoughts for the time being the learned communications that had been announced in the programme.

The formal opening of the Jubilee and of the Congress took place on Easter Sunday afternoon in the Parthenon. It was a happy inspiration to select this place for the first gathering. The students of the University formed the guard of honor along the ascent to the Acropolis—saluting the delegates as they marched in their official and aca-

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demic robes to the great temple. One of the old stones of the edifice was used as a *podium*—placed on almost the very spot where the famous chryselephantine statue of Athene stood. The picture of the brilliant assemblage standing within the great nave of the temple was as beautiful as it was impressive. All Athens had come to witness the ceremony.

The exercises were opened by a brief address from the Crown Prince of Greece, who, as the honorary president of the Congress, gave a welcome to the guests and emphasized the significance of the occasion. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Alexandris, as president of the Congress, followed with a summary of the part played by the University in the history and life of the people and enlarged on the serious functions of a university. The burden of Prof. S. P. Lambros, on whom, as Rector of the University and secretary of the Congress, the main responsibility for both Jubilee and Congress rested, was an appreciation of the inspiration given to Athens University by the sympathy and direct aid of the sister institutions and of savants in all parts of the world. Responses to these addresses were made on behalf of the delegates by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, Hans Delbrück (Leipzig), Maxime Colignon (Paris), and the Count Angelo de Gubernatis, one of the few survivors of the First International Congress of Orientalists held in 1874.

The scientific sessions of the Congress began on Tuesday and lasted till Friday. Three of the sessions were held in the aula of the University, at which papers of a more general character or such as required lantern illustrations were read before the whole Congress, while for the remaining sessions the Congress broke up into eleven sections, beginning with comparative philology and ending with Byzantine literature and archæology. Several of the sections found it more practical to combine. Thus, *e.g.*, the Greek section joined hands with the Semitic section, which also included folk-lore and mythology. Islamism, as on previous occasions, formed a section by itself, as did the Indo-Iranian languages and Egyptology. It should appear that the Semitic, the Indo-Iranian, and the Islamic sections were the most active. To give an account of these papers is manifestly impossible. Two features may, however, be mentioned, viz., the large participation of native Greek scholars, most of whom naturally read their papers in modern Greek, and in the Islamic section the preponderance in point of numbers (though not of scientific value) of the communications presented by the native Egyptian scholars of whom there was a large delegation present, headed by Prince Fu'ad Pascha, the rector of the Egyptian University at Cairo. A second feature of general interest was the considerable number of papers in various sections that, directly or indirectly, bore on the relations in antiquity between the Greek and Roman world and the more distant Orient. So Prof. Franz Boll of Heidelberg traced relations between Greece in the Hellenistic period and China, through the Greek origin of the Chinese Zodiac. Prof. Felix von Luschan's paper on the "Anthropology of Asia Minor," summarizing the results of extended investigations, pointed likewise to an ethical and cultural admixture at a still earlier period. The paper of Prof. Theophilos Boreas traced Oriental influences in the Greek doctrine of the transmigration of souls, while in my own paper on the "Historical Significance of Babylonian-Assyrian Birth-Omens" I tried to show a sphere of influence, emanating from the Euphrates Valley and extending both to the distant East up to China, and in the West through the Etruscans and Hittites to Greece and Rome.

At the closing session of the Congress various scientific projects were brought forward, including the desirability of a complete collection of the folk-lore of modern Greece, which would undoubtedly throw much light upon the myths and beliefs prevalent in antiquity and still surviving in a modified form despite Christianity.

The question of the seat of the next Congress aroused considerable discussion at this closing meeting. An invitation had been received from the Egyptian Government to meet in Cairo in 1915, but the prevailing sentiment among the delegates was to convene in a more accessible place. Leipzig, Brussels, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge were brought forward, and the question was left to an international committee appointed to consider some changes in the statutes of the Congress, with a view to obtaining a more satisfactory permanent organization.

In connection with the Jubilee, honorary degrees were conferred upon a large number of scholars, though in view of the fact that the University of Athens has no chair for Oriental languages (outside of comparative philology), it was decided not to include Orientalists among the recipients. American scholarship was recognized in the person of President Wheeler of the University of California, Prof. E. W. Hopkins of Yale, and Prof. Carl D. Buck of Chicago. The American delegation to the Jubilee consisted of representatives of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, University of Minnesota, Princeton, University of Illinois, the Catholic University of Washington, Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and the Oriental Club of Philadelphia. Among the American members who read papers, mention may be made of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, who had no less than four papers; Professor Hopkins, and A. T. Clay of Yale University, and Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Gulick of Harvard University was chosen by the American delegates to represent American universities at the presentation of the congratulatory addresses.

A few words remain to be said of the unbounded hospitality of the Athenians and of the varied entertainment offered to the delegates and to the members of the Congress. The festivities began with a brilliant reception on Sunday evening in the great aula of the University, at which the King and Queen of Greece, the Crown Prince, and almost the entire royal family were present, as well as the members of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, M. Benizalos, the most popular man in Greece at present, as a result of his overwhelming victory at the recent elections. The King and Queen moved among the guests in a most informal and gracious manner.

On one of the evenings of the Jubilee week the Acropolis was illuminated with red lights, which on the whole gave to the ruins a rather weird appearance, though at times the effect was made impressive through the delusion created by the red glow of a restored Parthenon—a momentary flash of what it must have been in its full glory. Of unusual interest was a performance of "Œdipus Rex" at the Royal Theatre. A modern Greek version was used, copies of which wer generously sent to all the members. The acting was good without being particularly striking, but the chief interest centred upon the interpretation given by native actors to an ancient classic. The depth of the tragedy, with its peculiar Greek emphasis on relentless Fate, was, on the whole, well conveyed, and such characters as Tiresias and the two shepherds gave one a realizing sense of what acting must have been in ancient Greece.

Most impressive of all, however, was a ceremony which had only a loose connection with the Jubilee or the Congress programme. Through the kind hospitality of Athenian citizens, the windows and balconies around the large square in front of the cathedral were placed at the disposal of the delegates and their wives, on Saturday night, to witness the welcoming of Easter at midnight. In front of the cathedral a large stand had been erected, with an altar and the accessories of a Greek Orthodox service. Shortly before midnight the patriarch and four bishops headed a procession from the cathedral to take their places in the stand, where, after the arrival of the royal family in state carriages, the ceremony began. A short service was read, and on a given signal at about the midnight hour, the thousands of men, women, and children

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gathered in the open square, lighted their candles; at the same time at all the windows and on the terraces around the place candles were also lighted, and the churches throughout the city tolled their bells to announce that "Christ had risen." One understood more clearly than ever before how close was the association of the "Resurrection" rite—as the ceremony was styled—with the old nature festival heralding the approach of the spring and the triumph of the young sun-god. As in the case of the religious rites of ancient Greece, this ceremony to which a Christian form has been given was celebrated in the open air. The lights clearly symbolize the sun that in the spring seems to celebrate a new birth and to be kindled anew; and one felt that the Eastern church has remained closer to the more primitive aspects of religion in using the candles at Easter instead of transferring them to Christmas, the old winter festival, as the Western church has done.

As the thousands of flames suddenly burst forth and the bells rang out joyously, with the stars shining overhead and the gentle spring breezes carrying the message of reawakened nature, the conviction grew upon one that the ancient Greeks must have welcomed the spring much in the same way thousands of years ago.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the most interesting historical mystifications which has hitherto awaited a solution is the precise origin of a group of English books published on the Continent between 1528 and 1535, purporting to come from the press of "Hans Luft at Marburg." Hans Luft was one of the leading printers at Wittenberg; for this reason and others it has long been recognized by scholars that the books in question, most, if not all, of which are by Tyndale, could have been printed neither by Hans Luft nor at Marburg, but until very recently no successful efforts have been made to ascertain the actual place in which the works were published. R. Steele has lately, on admittedly very slight evidence, endeavored to connect the books with the colony of English reformers at Antwerp. (*The Library*, VI, No. 2, 1911, and in the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, 1911, pp. 189ff.) A. W. Pollard is inclined to credit Fox's statement that one of these books, Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, was published at Hamburg, whither he thinks the types might have been shipped from Antwerp. ("Records of the English Bible," p. 10 note). There is, I think, good reason, hitherto unnoticed, to believe that at least three of the Hans Luft books were printed at Cologne. The titles of the books are:

(1.) The obedience of a Christen man and how Christen rulers ought to governe . . . [Colophon:] At Marlborow in the lande of Hesse The seconde daye of October. Anno MCCCCC. xxviij by me Hans luft.

(2.) An Exhortation to the diligent studye of scripture, made by Erasmus Roterodamus and translated into inglissh. An Exposition in to the seventh chaptre of the first pistle to the Corinthians. [Colophon:] At Marlborow in the londe of Hesse. MDXXIX. xx daye Junii. By my Hans Luft.

(3.) A pistle to the Christian reader. The Revelation of Antichrist. Antithesis wherein are compared togeder Christes actes and our holye father the Popes. [Colophon:] [At Marl]borow in the land of Hesse. xij day of Julye Anno MCCCCCxxix. Hans luft.

All of these books have a striking compartment woodcut on the title page, showing four groups of three women each, representing the three Graces, as is made plain by the word χάριτες. This work of art was produced by Anton Wönsam von Worms, who worked at Cologne from 1518 until his death in 1541. (See J. J. Merlo: *Kölnische Kunstler*, 1895, p. 1046, No. 435.) As far as known, it was first used in "Johan Dytenbergii theologi contra Martini Lutheri de votis monasticis iudicium," published by Cervicorn at Cologne in 1523. It was also used, in a slightly different form, showing that it had been recut, by an Antwerp printer in 1529. In the original form it was also used in the following works:

A Gellii. . . . Noctes Atticæ. Coloniæ. Opera et Impensa Joannis Soteris. 1526.

G. Budæi altera æditio annotationum in Pandectas. Coloniæ. J. Soter. Mense Februario. 1527.

G. Budæi Annotationes priores in Pandectas. J. Soter. Mense Aprile. 1527.

In view of these facts, it is highly probable that the books in question were printed at Cologne, and by Soter. Corroborative evidence of this opinion may be found by an examination of the contents of the second of the works in the light of contemporary history. It is a translation of two separate pamphlets, of Erasmus's "Paraclesis id est adhortatio ad christianæ philosophiæ studium," first published in 1516, and frequently reprinted, and of Luther's "Das siebend Capitel S. Pauli zu den Corinthern ausgelegt," Wittenberg, 1523. This work attracted so much attention at Cologne that in 1528 the University ordered one of its professors, Conrad Köllin, to answer it. The first part of the reply was printed by Quentel at Cologne in 1527, under the title "Eversio Lutherani Epithalamii"; the second part came out at Tübingen in 1530, as "Adversus caninas Martini Lutheri nuptias." It may have been this that called the attention of the translator to Luther's Exposition, and at the same time the hostile environment of Cologne led him to suppress the reformer's name.

Another argument for Cologne against Antwerp may be found in the consideration that at Antwerp the Reformation movement had been virtually stamped out after the Diet of Worms by the inquisitors who arrested its leaders, Probst and Grapheus; whereas at Cologne there was a strong Protestant party, preparing for the adoption of Lutheranism a few years later, and this party included several printers, as, for example, the one who began printing Tyndale's New Testament in 1525.

The three English books in question repay a closer study. The first is known to be by William Tyndale, and is so thoroughly Lutheran in its thought that it reads like a translation of the reformer's own words, though I have not been able to find the original. The third is also by Tyndale, being an adaptation of Luther's "Passional Christi et Antichristi" (1521). The translator of the second of the books commonly called on its appearance "Tyndale's Matrimony," has been sometimes identified with the English reformer's assistant, Friar Roy, on the ground of a very vague reference by Thomas More ("That work hath no name of maker, but some wene it was Friar Roy." More's "Workes," 1557, p. 342A), but internal evidence makes it far more likely that he was Tyndale himself.

If the conclusions here presented are correct, they throw much light on the dark quarter of Tyndale's life, the time he spent in Germany. It is plain that during part of the years 1528-1529 he was at Cologne, engaged in the deep study of Luther's works. Though sufficient materials for reconstructing this period of the Englishman's life do not yet exist, a nearly exhaustive study of the sources has convinced the present writer that the often repeated statement that he was ever either at Wittenberg or at Marburg, is an error. The proof of this position would, however, be beyond the scope of the present article.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Correspondence

ANALYZING ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Atlantic* for May appears an article entitled "Mr. Roosevelt," and signed E. S. The standard of morality therein set up is so clearly of a kind which prevails among a large number of good and worthy people at present, that I beg room for an examination of the statements of E. S.

I quote: (a) "A man may be as helpful to his fellows by seeming to be virtuous as by being so." (b) "Details of the past are as vague to him [Mr. Roosevelt] as promises for the future." (c) "In his [Mr. Roosevelt's] ample ambition cause and personal advantage are blended into something one and indivisible." (d) "To him, truth is truth not more naturally than he is truth's exponent." (e) "His continued denial of statements attributed by reputable witnesses has made all good men his enemies."

The conclusions of E. S. are as follows: "And yet, such faults as these have not their roots in the baser depths of human nature"; and again, "He has been a mighty teacher of morals"; also, "They [our children] will read how he lived and preached a clean and wholesome life. Surely these are lessons good for boys to learn." If the statements quoted above do not spell (a) hypocrisy, (b) perfidy, (c), demagoguery, (d) egotism, (e) lying, then is there no meaning in words.

E. S., in his presentation of Mr. Roosevelt as the hero of moral action, remarks that our children's children are to "mark how, born to ease and a pleasant life, he sympathized with the unfortunate and fought their battles against prejudice and inequality." The implications in this picture are even more striking than the facts. The life of ease and pleasure sacrificed! That means experience; that means the

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heights and depths of life. Battles fought for the unfortunate! That means risking one's life and fortune, daring defeat, enduring hardships and suffering sacrifices, but E. S. informs us immediately as follows: "Here it is that we come on one of the most serious of Mr. Roosevelt's limitations. In terms of the depths of human experience, his education has been but a shallow one. He has touched life at innumerable points of its surface, but he has never climbed its heights, and its depths he has never fathomed. He has never brooded in quiet, nor has his support of a cause ever been to his own hindrance. For him, every success has been the gateway of a victory. . . . Fortune would have been more just to Mr. Roosevelt had she been less generous." So this martyr to a great cause, this hero of many battles for the poor and oppressed, according to his panegyrist, has never supported a cause to his own hurt, and upon his path of sacrifice of ease and pleasure every success has been the gateway of a new victory. "He follows the great adventure with a mind as free from care and an enjoyment as irresponsible as ever marked a man whose shoulders have been weighted with the burdens of a nation." It will be seen that Mr. Roosevelt has had a pretty good time. "Irresponsible enjoyment" is not, however, the condition of "a mighty teacher of morals," and when it characterizes the discharge of a great office it is usually thought open to criticism, and by many regarded as immoral.

E. S. himself really discloses the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's marvellous activities. He is right in saying that the love of money has left him untouched. He is equally right, however, in finding in Mr. Roosevelt's indulgence of his tastes and characteristics a complete explanation of his career. He may not love money, but he loves the theatre of the world's action, its great official prizes, and still more the applause of the multitude. He may not love money, but it has always come to him. He may not love money, but out of a full indulgence of his tastes and pursuit of his pleasures he has for years reaped a prodigious reward and bids fair to do so for some time to come.

"Stains there are," E. S. says, "which history will not wash away." "The appropriation of the Panama zone which in material consequence may well outweigh any other act of his Administration is fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when, in his opinion, the end has justified them."

Has any great moral teacher ever yet successfully demonstrated that in a moral sense the end justifies the means? If the principle has been availed of, it has been either by that kind of a man who did not preach morality and who in virile honesty declined to be looked to as a moral example, or by that other kind—a species of hypocritical "mollycoddle" (to use Mr. Roosevelt's word), which has been described as a saintly character with four aces up his sleeve.

The Panama episode fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when in his opinion the end justified it! It was a brilliant stroke of statesmanship, even if it were essentially immoral. A great and signal advantage was acquired for the people of this country at the cost merely of a little moral self-respect, the loss of a small part of our moral dignity, and the injury of a very small competitor in the world of empire. But, so it is stated as to the Standard Oil Company—that its operations were a great and signal advantage to the people. What if the originators of the enterprise had sacrificed a little of self-respect and moral dignity and had accomplished the ruin of a number of obscure rivals? The people of the United States had procured the great bargain of cheap oil.

Mr. Roosevelt's advent into the political arena came at the end of that period so well designated by E. S. as the "opulent days of Mr. McKinley." We remember the legislation that created privileges, established a high tariff for protection, and held the vast home market for the exploitation of the manufacturer. We remember the unwise immigration laws that stimulated enterprise and production by supplying at one stroke an ever-increasing army of laborers and an ever-increasing army of consumers for a high-tariff market. We remember how the corporate form of enterprise and ownership grew to vast monopolies like the Standard Oil Trust, the United States Steel Company, the Northern Securities Company, etc., etc. The end came only with the discovery that the pace could not be maintained and that a day of reckoning was at hand.

Now, the truth is that responsibility for the reckless course which ended in bringing the country into the state thus described rests with the plain people. It was the people who had made the laws. It was they who set up the "golden calf" and demanded that it should be worshipped. Theirs is the responsibility alike, whether it be the result of immoral standards, indifference to political duties, or disloyalty to institutions. But alas! who shall tell them so? They are taught that, so far from being the cause of all these evils, they are the innocent victims exploited by "the classes"—the "criminal rich" and by the political bosses. Eliminate this from popular consciousness, and much of popular interest in the present movement and its chief representative expires. "The classes" and "the masses"! Where are they in this country? Who are the "criminal rich"? An examination of existing colossal fortunes will show that they were acquired by a ferryman, a vender of mouse-traps, a telegraph operator, a miner, a grocer's clerk, a butcher, a broker's clerk. Again, are the so-called bosses of "the masses" or of "the classes"? Any one familiar with American life knows that they are peculiarly of the proletariat in their origin, in their associations, and in their support. The truth is, "classes" have no existence in the United States.

Our national vice is the belief that success justifies. Our essential evil is the will and purpose to have what we want and to have it at any cost. If there were "a mighty teacher of morals" among us, this is the spirit he would rebuke. Mr. Roosevelt has not rebuked it. He has distinctly encouraged and he personifies it. "For him," says E. S., "the moral world and the world of successful men sum up the universe." A strange universe surely, and it is well that it has no existence outside of the psychology of Mr. Roosevelt.

Lastly, E. S. presents a tableau illustrating the achievements of his subject. "Some years ago," he says, "I saw him [a workingman] seated in front of me in a trolley car. The creases in his red neck and wrinkled face were soiled with sweat and dirt, and in his hand he held a newspaper close to his eyes as though the look of print puzzled them while, as his lips murmured the unaccustomed syllables, I saw him trace line by line, with a grimy forefinger, the words of one of Mr. Roosevelt's exhortations to be decent, to live clean, to play the game hard." It is possible that Boston differs in the tableaux of her trolley cars from the streets of New York, but if E. S. would come over to New York, the trolley cars, subway, and elevated trains, and all the crowded ways of life would disclose to him the workingman, not quite so dirty as E. S. paints his, engaged in reading in Hearst's papers exhortations to be decent and to live clean, etc. Yet in New York we do not necessarily point to the source of such moral emanations as "one who has sought the Grail," the bearer of "the White Shield," the "mighty teacher of morals."

I concede the striking personality and the brilliant genius and have a due appreciation of the charm of one who in the most exalted of positions is characterized by "irresponsible enjoyment," and who, at the zenith of a great career, "fears not to match with destiny for beers," but there is no reason in all this why such a one should be presented as "a mighty teacher of morals" and an exemplar for youth—no reason in all this why our moral ideas should be cast in the mud—no reason why we should not pass such a one by, waiting for and believing in a real moral leader.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

New York, May 10.

THE LESSON OF THE TITANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under date of August 31, 1773, James Boswell, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," records Dr. Johnson's memorable dictum: "Being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned."

That modern navigation has not invalidated the burly lexicographer's dictum, is more than evidenced in the fate of the Titanic. Having crossed the Atlantic a good many times in the Inman, Guion, Cunard, Bremen, and Hamburg Lines, I admit freely that two ideas have always been uppermost in my mind: the idea that I was in truth "jailed," and the idea that I might be in for a drowning.

Out of the mass of harrowing details in the loss of the Titanic two facts stand out with lurid significance. First, the ship was pushed at three times the speed proper in the presence of known danger. Secondly, the lookout was inadequate. How is it, then that any company can be—through its officers—guilty of such recklessness? Well, to my way of thinking, it is foolish injustice to cast the blame on any one man or any one company. Each one of us is in honor bound to lay his hand upon his heart and ejaculate: *Mea culpa!* We are all children of the age, trying to ignore the fundamental fact that a ship will always be a jail with a chance of drowning. We pick out fast boats for our money, we gamble on the day's run, we contribute our quota of silver plate in commemoration of a new "record."

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We have lost sight of the inevitable seriousness of every ocean voyage, and are doing our best to turn it into a sport, a combination of auto-race and German cotillion. Comfort, of course, we all desire, even in a jail. Even the private bath, to such as can afford it, is good and legitimate. But why this parade of extravagance, these restaurants à la carte, private decks, swimming pools, and squash courts, this dining in dress suit and evening gown, to the accompaniment of pearls and diamonds? Truly, it is high time to recognize the fact that an ocean steamship is neither the Waldorf-Astoria nor Palm Beach, but a mighty serious, even dangerous affair, and that we as passengers should lay aside the fripperies of life.

Marine danger is of two kinds. There is the danger from weather. This has been virtually eliminated for our present-day boats, with their huge bulk, water-tight compartments, double and triple screws. It is scarcely conceivable that a modern liner should succumb to mere wind and wave. The other danger, however, that from collision, whether with shore, or ice, or another ship, can never be wholly eliminated. This danger can only be avoided, and—to be avoided—it must be *seen in time.*

Here we touch the vital point at issue. Are our great passenger lines doing all in their power to procure this promptness and accuracy of vision? Granted that the eyesight of the lookouts, men and officers, has been officially tested, have those tests been exhaustive, especially have they been conducted with due regard to the difference between day vision and night vision? In my own limited experience, I have known intimately one man whose day vision was keen and true, yet whose night vision was so defective that he ecould not follow comfortably a country road in a clear, starlit night. Further, should not every lookout be provided with the best marine glasses that can be made? True, the sailor has usually a prejudice against glasses; he usually protests that he can see as well without as with them. Here, again, is room for wholesome skepticism. The old-fashioned binocular, we may admit, is somewhat perplexing; but the new binocular, made of Jena glass and especially adapted to marine needs, is a very different article. I am persuaded that it would distinguish an iceberg from the surrounding water in clear starlight at a distance of, say, two miles. In this matter of glasses there is nothing exclusive; one is not forced to choose between glasses and naked vision, one can employ both. Lastly, there is the searchlight. It is now part of the equipment of men-of-war, yet it has never been used in the merchant service. Even the searchlight will not do everything. Yet we need not hesitate to believe that a powerful light, fitted with the right kind of reflector and moving to and fro through an arc of twenty or thirty degrees, will—except in case of fog—reveal every object of any considerable size for several miles ahead.

As matters now stand, we are in danger of wandering from the true line of safety. Clamor has arisen for a sufficient provision of lifeboats. Far be it from me to abate in the least this popular clamor. Yet, after we have got our lifeboats, will they prevent collision? They are merely a partial and imperfect remedy for the consequences of a collision. But what we should persistently clamor for is *the prevention of collision.* And to that end we must develop far beyond our present standard the *power of vision.*

J. M. H.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 30.

AERONAUTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having read nothing in the *Nation* of this week in honor of Robert Browning's centenary, I send these stanzas to supply the deficiency.

See the lad in the parachute up aloft there,
  His life on the wind-puff chancing?
Some day he will drop like a rotten pear
In August, a mile through the hissing air,
  The zest of the "meet" enhancing
Vastly—for us who gape upward and stare.

Does he hold his life cheap? *En revanche* I enquire,
  Does the steeplejack value each minute
O' the neck-risking, giddy, and danger-fringed spire
At less than the ditcher secure i' the mire?
  He'd realize all there is in it—
You lad—in best mart, and he has to go higher.

His soul's wine is common and vapid, he knows,
  Until, like a pearl, he throws death in it:
While he shoots with sheathed pinions, it shimmers and glows,
And the sweet of it, spice of it, costlier grows
  Till that parasol-thing gets a breath in it,
And he pours the lees out—great God, there he goes!

. . . . . .

Admit that I'm shaken a bit? Why deny?
  I prefer the hot brains i' the mazzard.
Yet the lad's quaffed his drink 'twixt the earth and the sky,
Tho' he's upset his cup, God approveth, I cry,
  Not the goal, but the game and the hazard,
When men play the limit, do their damn'dest, and die.

Balaustion.

Urbana, Ill., May 11.

IN RE BABBITT VS. SAINTSBURY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Babbitt's interesting essay, "Are the English Critical?" (*Nation,* March 21 and 28), has raised several questions in my mind. I am far from agreeing entirely with Professor Saintsbury, whose criticism often strikes me as erratic and confused. Professor Babbitt, however, seems to have done something less than justice to Saintsbury's defence of English criticism. The very title of his essay is a sort of *ignoratio elenchi.* Saintsbury, as I understand him, contends not that the English as a race are especially critical, but merely that English critical writing does not deserve the reproach of inferiority to French. If we admit all of Professor Babbitt's main contentions, the conclusion to which they point is simply that the English as a race are not temperamentally critical. It by no means necessarily follows that English criticism is actually inferior to French criticism. Professor Babbitt, in fact, seems to me to come dangerously near begging the whole question. Assuming that English criticism is inferior, he proceeds to find reasons for the supposed inferiority; but this last is the real point at issue. His reasoning is almost entirely *a priori;* he proves at most that we might expect to find English literature weak in criticism, not that it really is weak.

Aside from this general objection to Professor Babbitt's argument, two of his main points seem especially open to attack. I refer to the paragraphs in the second part of the essay, which deal with English insularity (p. 310), and with taste (p. 309). In support of the contention that English criticism is insular, Professor Babbitt quotes Dr. Johnson and an unnamed Englishman, and refers to Scott. Now Scott was not a critic, and, a caviller might add, not an Englishman. Dr. Johnson's insularity is easily shown; but surely he is not a fair representative of English criticism in this respect. Moreover, Professor Babbitt himself has told us in the first part of the essay (pp. 282-283) that "English criticism is largely a history of foreign influences." Is this consistent with the charge of insularity?

The discussion of "taste" begins with a definition from Voltaire, whose point of view is of course intensely French. Professor Babbitt's definition, based on Voltaire's, and on the analogy of physical taste, implies that literary taste is primarily the power to make fine distinctions. Here again the invaluable Dr. Johnson is invoked as a representative of English criticism, and compared unfavorably with Boileau. On Professor Babbitt's own showing, this comparison is hardly fair, because Boileau "probably made fewer mistakes in his actual verdicts than any other critic of whom we have record," whereas Johnson notoriously made more blunders than any other English critic of his rank. Furthermore, is it quite fair to judge of a critic's taste, as Professor Babbitt does, solely by his mistakes? We do not judge of a poet's or of a novelist's creative power by his failures. If we were to compare Johnson's best pieces of criticism, his "Life of Dryden," for instance, or his account of the "metaphysical" poets, or his preface to Shakespeare, with the best of Boileau, *might not the result be different?* And should not Johnson's greater range be taken into account?

Instead of beginning with a French definition of taste, suppose we should begin with an English one, say Hazlitt's:

> Taste is nothing but sensibility to the different kinds and degrees of excellence in the works of art and Nature. . . . The highest taste is shown in habitual sensibility to the greatest beauties; the most general taste is shown in a perception of the greatest varieties of excellence.

This puts the emphasis not upon fineness of distinction, but upon range and keenness of appreciation. If English and French criticism were to be judged by this test, what would be the result? Could French criticism, with its constant tendency to place Virgil and Horace above Homer and Pindar, lay claim to the highest taste? Unless my memory deceives me, I have heard Professor Babbitt himself say that even Sainte-Beuve "had no sense of the sublime." Could French criticism, with its constant tendency to condemn the irregular, the eccentric, the un-French, lay claim to the most general taste?

These considerations suggest that in the matter of bias there is not much to choose between Professor Babbitt and Professor Saintsbury. Professor Babbitt appears to be quite as strongly prejudiced in one di-

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rection as Professor Saintsbury is in the other. HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Col., April 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of my essay, it might be well to explain, is taken from the "general survey" chapter of a volume I am preparing on English criticism, where it will receive the abundant concrete illustration it now lacks. One must, of course, take many things for granted in a paper of this kind (the greater number of things the French critic may take for granted as compared with the critic in England or America is often cited, by the way, as proof of the critical superiority of the French). Thus I took it as self-evident that a critic may undergo foreign influence and at the same time remain insular ("the invaluable Dr. Johnson" is only one instance of many).

To rank a critic by his occasional happy hits rather than by the general correctness or incorrectness of his verdicts, is to confuse his rôle with that of the creator, a confusion encouraged by various moderns from Madame de Staël to Signor Croce. Dr. Johnson's "Preface" is admirable, yet his total judgment of Shakespeare illustrates, as does that of Dryden, what I have termed the unreconciled antinomy between the neo-classic creed and the spontaneous products of the English imagination. If Johnson decides that Shakespeare is not at home in tragedy, if he prefers Tate's rewriting of "Lear" to the original, if he is not merely wrong but grotesquely wrong in his comment on such phrases as "peep through the blanket of the dark" in "Macbeth," he is not erring casually but in consequence of neo-classic conceptions of poetic justice, "lowness," etc.

The cult of Virgil and Horace is not, of course, specifically French, but is an article of the neo-classical creed that derives from the Italian Renaissance. Perhaps the first protest of international significance against the over-estimate of Virgil was by a French critic, Saint-Evremond ("Réflexions sur nos traducteurs," 1675). "It is true," says Dryden of Saint-Evremond, "that as I am a religious admirer of Virgil, I could wish that he had not discovered our father's nakedness."

It can scarcely be claimed that the strongest point of the Frenchman is his sense of the sublime; yet even here it is needful to make distinctions. Boileau not only gave European currency to the treatise "On the Sublime," by his translation (1674), but felt more truly the sublime in the Longinian sense, I should not hesitate to affirm, than Professor Saintsbury, who lauds Longinus so extravagantly. Furthermore, at the very time Coleridge was denouncing the French as monkeys in human shape because of their supposed lack of sublimity, France had in Joubert a critic who was his equal in Platonic elevation and imaginative insight. Moreover these virtues were not obscured in Joubert as they were in Coleridge by opium and German metaphysics.

Mr. Woodbridge's quotation from Hazlitt suggests that I have failed to make clear one of the main points of my essay. "Range and keenness of appreciation" do not by themselves give taste, but merely romantic gusto or perceptiveness. In order that gusto may be elevated to taste it needs to be disciplined and selective. To this end it must come under the control of an entirely different order of intuitions, of what I have called "the back pull towards the centre." The romantic one-sidedness that is already so manifest in Hazlitt's conception of taste has, as I maintain, gone to seed in Professor Saintsbury.

IRVING BABBITT.

Cambridge, Mass., May 12.

STRINDBERG MSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The committee in charge of the Strindberg celebration in Stockholm last January is collecting material for a memorial volume which shall contain portraits of August Strindberg at different periods of his life, reproductions of paintings by him, an extensive bibliography, etc. A special division of the work will be devoted to an account of manuscripts by Strindberg and letters from him, in private or public collections. It is not probable that many such manuscripts or letters have found their way to America; but if any one who sees this note should have such manuscripts or letters in his possession, or should know of the whereabouts of any, the undersigned would be greatly obliged for as full information concerning them as possible. AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

John Crerar Library, Chicago, May 8.

Literature

A LIFE OF PEACOCK.

Thomas Love Peacock. By Carl Van Doren. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Madeira-quaffing Doctor Opimian seems to have voiced a whim of his creator's when he declared himself ill-pleased at the prospect of an Atlantic cable connecting him with the Americans: "If we could apply the power of electric repulsion to preserve us from ever hearing anything more of them," said that rubicund rector, "I should think we had for once derived a benefit from science." That the first substantial biography of the author of "Gryll Grange" should have come from an American is one of the ironical revenges brought in by the whirligig of time—a revenge which the general excellence of Mr. Van Doren's work should render palatable to all concerned.

Whatever industry could do to restore the footprints of Peacock's quiet passage through his four score years and one, we imagine, has been pretty completely accomplished. Mr. Van Doren has followed him through the files of obsolete periodicals, examined his unpublished manuscript in the British Museum, investigated his relations with the India House, and enjoyed the coöperation of his granddaughter, Mrs. Clarke, in gaining access to the extant relics and reminiscences. By the correction of old errors and the addition of considerable new detail he has superseded the fragmentary sketches of his predecessors. If the account of Peacock's career is still not entirely continuous and is far from minute, we need feel no great regret. With the best will in the world and much more abundant materials than were available, it would have been difficult to make of this man's external history a highly important or very stirring narrative.

The life of Peacock is indeed so devoid of those romantic allurements which send the biographers flocking to his contemporaries that one feels grateful to the destiny which made him the friend of Shelley and the father-in-law of George Meredith. Born in 1785 on the eve of a revolution which had spent its first irresistible force before he was old enough to be affected by it, he maintained through the long subsequent era of political and social upheaval the even tenor of a very private life, and passed out of the world in 1866 without ever having attracted much attention. While other young men of his time were imbruing their souls in mediævalism and German metaphysics, he was quietly making his way into the civilizations of Greece and Rome. While they were dreaming of purple Edens and pantisocracies, he was establishing permanent connections with a great commercial house. While they in Switzerland, Italy, and the Orient were fleeing from social opprobrium, he was getting himself decently married and settling down in cheerful domestic regularity. While they were portraying their Don Juans and Thalabas, their Christabels and Prometheuses, he was portraying his Cypresses and Sackbuts, his Floskies and Scythrops. While they were exploring "the great mystery" in Italian seas or dying fever-stricken for the liberties of Greece, he was sitting in his study sipping old port and nibbling at Petronius. When at length he departed full of years, the only place that he left conspicuously vacant was his easy-chair.

It is not surprising that a contemporary so well informed as Lord Broughton should have taken this man for a mere respectable Tory with an amateur's taste for letters. The obvious temptation to the reader of the novels is loosely to identify him with the long series of smug, well-fed clergymen, old-fashioned scholars, and country-gentlemen whose joy in red trout and ripe wine he sets forth with such manifest gusto. If you read with one eye shut, it is easy enough to fall into this trap. Does he not prefer the ancients to the moderns, deny the reality of progress, scout the hope of reforming the world, detest America and machinery and science, ridicule liberal and radical poets like Byron and Shelley, pour out the vials of laughter upon Malthus and the Utilitarians, and refuse to dine any

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more with Mill because the guests are always economists?

When, however, you have transferred to the canvas these outlines of a stubborn reactionary, you observe with dismay that the sitter has undergone a peculiar transformation. That person with the leonine head still confronts you, sedate, imperturbable; but he is now uttering the most unimpeachably liberal sentiments: cursing Burke for a traitor to liberty, deriding Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge as pensioned renegades, exposing the absurdities of the pocket borough system, lamenting slavery in America as a blot on democracy, and alluding in far from reverential manner to his late majesty George III. How to make a coherent portrait of this mass of crotchets and contradictions? Has the man any mind or character of his own?

Any doubt of this nature should be dispelled by a glance at the excellent photogravure which is the frontispiece in Mr. Van Doren's book. A rather august head, this of Peacock's—firm and massive in all its parts: resolute chin, lips tightly shut, a long straight nose, eyes wide apart, reflective, overhung by shaggy brows, the forehead full and broad, and the whole face framed by a noble mane of snow-white waving hair. You cannot ask whether a man who bears a head like that at seventy-two possesses character. You are more inclined to exclaim, *Ultimus Romanorum;* it is a face of senatorial distinction and antique steadfastness. You observe perhaps that there is no wrinkle on his brow and that his thoughtful eyes are looking rather through than at you. The unruffled exterior you may explain by saying that he preserved a position of intellectual detachment from the life of his times. The light of internal serenity which emanates from his countenance you can explain only by assuming that he had built up a simple and well-ordered world within.

In seizing and fixing the somewhat evasive personality which concealed itself in business and lurked behind the dramatic masks of the novels, Mr. Van Doren has accomplished with notable success the crucial task of Peacock's biographer. In the last analysis, as he perceives, Peacock's isolation is not due to the eccentricity but to the centrality of his position. He is not the crotchety novelist but the novelist of crotchets. In the conduct of life he plants his feet squarely upon common sense. When he enters the field of speculation, he continues to show his respect for common sense by laying aside his convictions and becoming a skeptic. Always master of his sensibilities, in a time of violent partisanship he does not become a partisan. When he most resembles a Tory, he is really nearer to a cynical conservative. When he talks most like a democrat, he really feels more like an aristocratic republican. For a man of his principles there was no appropriate party in the days of spasmodic progressive revolutions and spasmodic reactionary Holy Alliances.

In such a crisis a man of sense and learning performs a most useful function by becoming a critic and philosopher. A man of Carlyle's temperament and modern German culture becomes an angry critic. A man of Peacock's temperament and ancient classical culture becomes a laughing philosopher. He, far more justly than nine out of ten of his Hellenizing contemporaries, may be described as a blithe pagan diverting himself with modern ideas. He sits at the head of his board like an amused Athenian of the Periclean age presiding over a delegation of barbarians. We have heard in our time of nervous young men enough who fancied they could be pagans by theatrically renouncing Christianity. The neo-Hellene usually betrays his restless Christian blood by becoming instead that eminently unpagan thing, an æsthete. Peacock proves his legitimate classical derivation by developing into a thoroughly respectable epicurean of the old school. He relishes the pleasures of the mind and also those of the palate; but he never mistakes the one for the other. When he finds the controversy which he has set on foot growing too warm for comfort, he is glad to hear the French cook announcing luncheon. To him may fairly be brought home what his biographer says of Dr. Folliott: "An Epicurean love of peace lies at the root of his conservatism"—at the root, also, it might be added, of his common sense. It is the repose and even balance of his temperament, his intellectual security, his steady pulses, and his head full of dry light that give the special quality to his learned and brain-clarifying laughter.

We have no difficulty in agreeing with the Peacockians that there is no one quite like Peacock; yet it is possible to overemphasize the solitariness of his position. Mr. Van Doren, whose critical comments are for the most part admirably dispassionate and just, tells us that he "belongs to a class which he exhausts, standing alone in laughter as Landor stands in wrath." As a matter of fact, Peacock was not without English predecessors, though he has eclipsed most of them. The tradition of the anti-romantic satirical novel in which he writes seems to have had its origin in the sharp reaction against revolutionary ideas which took place in England almost immediately after the execution of Louis XVI. Mr. Van Doren, after a somewhat cursory consideration of Jane Austen's title to predecessorship on the ground that her "Northanger Abbey" appeared early in 1818, the year in which "Nightmare Abbey" was published, dismisses her claim with the observation that "there seems to be no ground for connecting them, unless it be the suspicion itself." In justice to the lady's originality, we should remember that three of her best novels were published by 1814, two years before Peacock's first appearance in fiction, and that the first drafts of "Pride and Prejudice" and that consistent anti-romance, "Sense and Sensibility," were completed as early as 1797. This fact brought into connection with Mr. Van Doren's passing mention of Isaac Disraeli's "Vaurien," 1797, and George Walker's uproarious anti-Godwinian "Vagabond," 1799, becomes significant. Add to these the two peculiarly interesting burlesque novels of William Beckford, both almost utterly forgotten, "The Elegant Enthusiast," 1796, and "Azemia," 1797, and one begins to recognize that in the formative but biographically almost blank period of Peacock's youth there already existed in England a little school of satirical fiction protesting in the name of common sense against the enthusiastic absurdities of the day.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Drunkard. By Guy Thorne. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

It has often been remarked that the modern novel offers an almost unlimited opportunity for the confusion of *genres.* In this book we have an extraordinary compound of sermon, scientific treatise, and story. The sermon, on the two texts, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge" and "Look not upon the wine when it is red," is of the old-fashioned hell-fire variety. "There are deeper hells yet," promises the author with relish, "blacknesses more profound in which we shall see this unhappy soul!" The style of the sermon suggests now the evangelist of a former day, now the yellow journalist, his successor. The thesis of the scientific treatise is that alcoholism is an hereditary disease, and that the only effective remedy is to make it a crime for drunkards to beget children. The obvious practical difficulties are impatiently waved aside; for instance, who is to decide, and by what test, whether a man is a drunkard? Various learned works on alcoholism—medical, psychological, and legal—are quoted and referred to; technical phrases like "the amnesic dream-phase" abound; and the "foreword" assures us that in chapter vi of book three we have the real diary of an inebriate man of letters. "Serious students of the psychology of the Inebriate may use the document, certain that it is genuine."

The story, which exists only to furnish a series of illustrations for the sermon and the treatise, might be described as a sort of "Drunkard's Progress." It narrates in a prologue, three books,

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and an epilogue the disintegration through alcohol and the ultimate salvation through religion of Gilbert Lothian, a poet who has sprung into sudden fame. The prologue anticipates the plot by showing how Lothian's illegitimate half-brother, as a result of alcoholism and infatuation with a woman, murders his wife and pays the death penalty. The process by which Lothian reaches this depth is minutely described; for a time the author records every drink, so that the story resembles a chronicle, not indeed of small beer, but of gin, whiskey, and champagne. In the epilogue, under the influence of Christianity, the murderer makes public confession and gives himself up to the law.

Aside from the scientific jargon, the style is at times curiously bookish. The author's mind is saturated with decadent literature; he has Wilde, Dowson, and Baudelaire at his tongue's end. Having assured us that Lothian is a great poet, he makes the mistake of quoting some of his verses, which are sad stuff—all except a fine line stolen from Francis Thompson. Alcoholism, it seems, leads to plagiarism as well as to murder. The element of decadence in the author's make-up may be illustrated by his profane application to an old church of the Horatian line which Dowson used as a title to one of his most morbid poems. " 'Non sum qualis eram,' the lorn interior seemed to say, 'bonæ sub regno Ecclesiæ.' " There is something hectic and unwholesome about this religio-scientific morality.

The Butterfly House. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

As happens with so many short-story writers, Mrs. Freeman's talent seems to have pretty thoroughly "petered out." It has never been strongly evident in her longer stories. Indeed, none of her novels can show themselves to be anything more than short stories padded and expanded to the publisher's requirement. In the present instance a single situation and episode, such as the writer might have handled effectively in a few thousand words, is strung out into book form, and enfeebled in the process. It is not very clear what the title means, but we suppose the butterfly is Margaret Edes. She is a youngish married woman whose husband does business in New York successfully, but not successfully enough to permit of living in the city. Mrs. Edes's ambition, therefore, has to content itself with the ruling of Fairbridge. The picture of that select suburban town and its self-absorbed inhabitants is drawn with grim humor. Fairbridge was in New Jersey. It contained no bridge, and was not remarkably fair. "There was something fairly uncanny about Fairbridge's influence upon people after they had lived there even a few years. The influence held good, too, in the cases of men who went daily to business or professions in New York. Even Wall Street was no sinecure [*sic*]. Back they would come at night, and the terrible, narrow maelstrom of pettiness sucked them in." So Mr. Wilbur Edes came back nightly to his Margaret, and she seemed to him a great lady. She was the best-dressed woman in Fairbridge, and the most dainty in manner, and she had only one rival in the domination of the Zenith Club, which nourished culture among the ladies of Fairbridge. All this—all the descriptive and introductory part of the story—is excellent. But the story itself is nothing, or next to nothing. The means by which Margaret Edes tries to clinch her supremacy once for all are fairly grotesque. Her victim and worshipper, Annie Eustace, is an impossible person; and the other figures are coarsely drawn.

Red Eve. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A hero irresistible in combat; a beautiful and spirited heroine, his distant relative; a villain cowardly and treacherous, rich and powerful, assisted by a wily priest; an archer in comparison with whom Robin Hood and William Tell were novices; such characters we must expect in a fourteenth-century romance. We find also the expected incidents: fights on the lonely moor, a contest in archery before the court, a tournament, the desperate defence of a fortress. In general, the romance may be described as about half-way between Scott and Henty. Mr. Haggard's machinery creaks a good deal in the process of getting started; once under way it moves easily and rapidly. The hero is of the regulation Ivanhoe type; of the heroine we feel that she might be interesting if only we could learn more about her. The story is partly redeemed from conventionality by the striking figure of Murgh, a supernatural personage from the Orient, who is at once a personification of the Black Death and a sort of guardian angel to the hero and heroine. This grotesque and terrible being appears at crises as a *deus ex machina*, and makes his presence constantly felt in the background of the action. In style the dialogue walks on conventional romantic stilts, with occasional tumbles into modern colloquialism. The illustrations in color are attractive and appropriate.

Carnival. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work of this British author, who is little known in this country, will start in the reader's mind certain echoes of greatness. He has caught the inevitableness of tragic situations, known to the author of "Tess," and like Meredith, he feels the poetry of even sordid surroundings. Withal, he is at times strangely amateurish, notably in sounding the urgency of passion. In accordance with a growing fashion, and in a way which reminds us of "Jean-Christophe" and Richard Pricé's "Christopher," he has chosen to give a chronicle rather than a more organized novel, the thread of the story beginning with the birth of the central character. Jenny Raeburn is the daughter of a woman who had married a joiner, though herself the daughter of a prosperous butcher and the granddaughter of a chemist. Oh, what a fall was that, even in her own eyes! This is really the theme of the whole record—the fatality of momentary weakness. Jenny is not long in the world before she, too, feels the call of better conditions and in her begins anew the progress interrupted by the mother's act. She becomes a professional dancer, and, still in her teens, has a London engagement, and a circle of friends at least one of whom is a man of wealth and anxious to marry her. But in her, too, is a streak of whimsy. From Maurice, to whom she is devoted, her instincts hold her back; to the libertine Danby she gives herself almost uninvited, and hardly less unexpectedly becomes the wife of a clumsy Cornwall farmer. Yet such, the reader realizes, can never be the solution of her complex spirit. She is bored, sees her former lover, though honorably, and for her pains is shot by the jealous husband. Exit. With Jenny the reader feels a genuine acquaintance, and is sometimes oppressed by the author's method, a little too hard to be true, of pursuing his thesis to the logical end.

RELIGIOUS PSYCHOLOGY.

The Psychology of the Religious Life. By George Malcolm Stratton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

One of the most crucial questions confronting the psychology of religion concerns the source from which it shall draw its material. Starbuck gathered his data by means of a questionnaire, James gained his from biographies, Leuba and several other investigators have made use of both of these sources. Professor Stratton, in attacking the problem of the psychology of the religious life, makes no attempt to gather material in either of these ways, regarding such material as somewhat untrustworthy, or at least dangerous to handle, and as necessarily limited and provincial:

> The persons most easily reached by such means are, for the most part, adherents of one and the same religion, they are of the Occident, and naturally show a preponderance of that special type of character that is ready to grant to a stranger an access to the secret places of personality. To escape some of these difficulties one ought to observe from the standpoint of psychology

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the religious life of a wide variety of peoples, even those most reticent, and when they are off their guard and without self-consciousness. The prayer, the hymn, the sacred prophecy—these, I believe, still furnish to the psychologist the best means of examining the full nature of religion in its diverse forms.

In thus turning to anthropology and history for his material, our author is, of course, doing nothing new. He is, however, unique in confining himself to these relatively objective sources, and unique in the way in which he makes use of them. Individual experiences he nowhere studies, but only general tendencies, general influences, general ideas, etc., in their collective and rather abstract form. His book is therefore of especial interest to the psychologist of religion as a test of the method here so carefully isolated and so consistently and learnedly applied. For at the present stage of this young science the question of method is more important than any particular results could be. And Professor Stratton is admirably equipped to give the method a trial. Already a psychologist of repute, he has studied very widely in the Sacred Books of various religions and in the works of historians and anthropologists. Both his scholarship and his sound judgment are apparent on every page. Hence the reader may well start in with a good deal of *pleasurable expectation*.

What one learns is, in substance, the following: Individuals differ considerably in their ways of feeling, acting, and thinking. Different peoples differ quite as much. These differences are reflected in the varied aspects of religious feeling, activity, and thought to be observed in different parts of the world. Some religions magnify the self, some repress it; some accept the good things of this life, some reject them; some are cheerful, some gloomy; some urge to activity, some encourage passivity; some favor thought, some seek to quench it; some represent God sensuously, some imaginatively, some conceptually; some have many gods, some have only one; some favor a god far off, some prefer him near at hand; some religions are warm, some religions cold; some like the new, some like the old, etc., etc. To each of these "conflicts," and to several others like them, one chapter at the least is given, and the thesis in each case proved elaborately by citations of myths, quotations from the Sacred Books, and references to Tylor and Frazer, so that not even the most determined skeptic can any longer doubt the conclusions set forth. The influences favoring each tendency are also analyzed with care and with skill. And here, indeed, there is opportunity for some psychological insight and psychological explanation—an opportunity which our author never fails to embrace in ways that are always interesting and sometimes instructive. The one conclusion, however, that stands out in the reader's mind, and the one dominating thesis of the book, is that *in religion you find both extreme points of view about most things*—and, for that matter, almost all of the intervening stages also—in short, that the religions of different peoples and of different individuals differ considerably.

It seems almost unkind to write thus of a book in which one finds nothing with which to disagree. But that, after all, is just the difficulty with it. One looks in vain for any statement of psychological fact with which one could disagree, and comes away wondering why so much learning was necessary to demonstrate the obvious. In many respects the book is excellent. It is charmingly written, always clear, almost always interesting, and its analyses of the causes of certain religious phenomena are sometimes suggestive. Its incidentals are often admirable, and it abounds in wise reflections upon religious matters or present conditions—as when, for example, in speaking of our American disregard for religious ritual, the author remarks:

> But, after all, some violence has evidently been done to human nature, that will be avenged. For the love of noble ceremony, cheated at its rightful place, appears in the tawdry ritualism of "fraternal" bodies, which in America have such an unparalleled popularity. Here the staunch republican, renouncing the bauble crown and pageantry of kings, can again rejoice in regalia and stilted phrase. The ceremonial side of these organizations shows an almost pathetic attempt to appease the natural craving for action unhindered, orderly, and gracious—a craving which in other countries finds its satisfaction in the scenes that go with military pomp, with royalty, and the service of great cathedrals.

A review of this book which left unmentioned the final chapter would be unfair and misleading; for though this makes no pretentions to being psychological, it is by all odds the best thing the book contains. Its title, Standards of Religion, indicates its purpose—to assist one in judging between religions and to point out the way in which a sane and normal development should be sought. The chapter closes with a philosophical argument to show that religion as well as science "is justified in taking part in the discovery of the truth."

It is questionable whether any one could have done much better with the method Professor Stratton has followed and the material he has used. The study of impersonal and collective expressions and of religious concepts of a general nature can give us only general and objective facts; and the general and objective facts about religion were known long before the psychologist entered the field. It is the particular and subjective facts, in their detail and exactness, that he must seek if he is really to add to our knowledge. It must not be forgotten that psychology, though it seeks to be "scientific," must forever be concerned with the subjective and must always fall back ultimately on the individual. Anthropology and history, and especially the sacred literatures of the past, may indeed be of considerable service to religious psychology, provided they be studied with an eye to the subjective. But they are far too poor in data of a definite and exact subjective nature to add much to our knowledge of psychology when unsupplemented by other material.

Meroe, the City of the Ethiopians. Being an Account of a First Season's Excavations on the Site, 1909-1910, by John Garstang, A. H. Sayce, and F. Ll. Griffith. New York: Henry Frowde; Clarendon Press.

That the capital of the classic Ethiopia should have remained so long unexcavated is perhaps due to its inaccessibility, and to the outbreak of the Mahdi which made the region unsafe for twenty years. In former notices in these columns your reviewer has given some account of the relations of the Upper Nile region with Egypt at a very remote date. The detachment of this southernmost territory of the Pharaohs, which they had controlled for two thousand years, was complete by the early eighth century, B. C. It had then become the land of Homer's "blameless (?) Ethiopians" whither the gods went to feast every year; the land where the cranes found winter sunshine by "the streams of Okeanos." Its southern capital, Meroe (the earlier capital had been further north at Napata), was the seat of that line of kings who also absorbed Egypt in the days of Assyrian expansion, and it was to them in the age when Sennacherib was devastating Judæa that Isaiah, or the men of his time, applied the scathing epithet "a broken reed." Here lived in Christian times that line of queens of whom several bore the name Candace and one figures in the New Testament. The historical connection of the city with Asia, however, is perhaps best indicated by recalling that the line of Ethiopian rulers who lived here were the futile opponents of Sennacherib and the Assyrian emperors of his age in their endeavor to absorb Egypt in the eighth and seventh centuries, B. C.

In modern times, as Professor Sayce notices, Bruce was probably the first to see the ruins of the city, in 1772, as he came down the Nile from Abyssinia. Bruce's casual remark suggesting the identification of the ruins with Meroe was forgotten, and indeed he afterward discarded it himself for another site further south. The able Frenchman Cailliaud, who followed the army of the Egyptian viceroy southward in 1820-21, while he recognized at once

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that the imposing pyramids on the eastern heights formed the cemetery of the ancient city of Meroe, failed to identify the mounds and ruins on their west as those of the city itself.

Referring to Cailliaud's failure to identify the ruins, Mr. Sayce says:

It is still more strange that Lepsius, who spent so many days copying the sculptures and inscriptions in the pyramid chapels, and who was looking out for the site of the city to which the pyramids belonged, should have equally failed to identify it. In his "Letters" he has much to say about the pyramids, but the only mounds he seems to have visited were those near the modern station of Mutmir. [Lepsius says] "We returned but little satisfied amidst the noon-day heat, and arrived with our bark only just before sunset in Begarauie, in the neighborhood of which are situated the pyramids of Meroe. It is remarkable that this place is not mentioned by Cailliaud. He only speaks of the pyramids of Assur, *i. e., Sûr* or *e'Sûr*. The whole plain in which the ruins of the city and the pyramids lie, bears the same name, and, besides this, a portion of Begerauie, which, probably by a slip of the pen, is called Begromi by Hoskins."

Mr. Sayce continues:

Lepsius, however, refrains from identifying the city, in which Ferlini had already vainly searched for treasure, with the ancient Meroe, and when Dr. Wallis Budge published his comprehensive work on the Sudan he could still say that its site was uncertain, while John Ward, writing in 1905, was obliged to pronounce that "where the metropolis of Meroe was is still a mystery." It was the identification of the great temple of Amon [by Garstang's present expedition] which finally settled the question (pp. 6-7).

That the ponderous oracle of the British Museum in his "comprehensive work on the Sudan" could still say that the site of Meroe was uncertain is quite credible. We have yet to examine one of the many volumes which we owe to the same fountain of wisdom in which many equally interesting statements may not be found. As the work of a layman it is perhaps not surprising that John Ward's Sudan book, which antedates Budge's volumes, should aver that the whereabouts of ancient Meroe "is still a mystery." But from Professor Sayce, who in this volume displays his customary easy familiarity with the Oriental field, it would be an affront to say that we should expect any such statement, especially in view of Lepsius's work. An examination of the very passage from Lepsius's "Letters," quoted by Sayce above, in spite of the rather bad translation (not due to Sayce), discloses the fact that Lepsius recognized Meroe in the ruins on the plain by the pyramids, for he refers explicitly to the plain, "in which the ruins of the city [of course Meroe] and the pyramids lie." All doubt regarding the matter is finally set at rest, however, by the fact that Lepsius surveyed the city together with the neighboring pyramid fields and published the survey in his great "Denkmäler" (Abtheilung I, Blatt 132), with the superscription, "Situationsplan der Ruinen der Stadt Meroe, nebst den dazugehörigen Pyramidenfeldern." Most of the buildings excavated by the Garstang expedition will be found indicated on this plan. There is no ground whatever for Professor Sayce's statement: "It was the identification of the great temple of Amon which finally settled the question." As to the identity of the city of Meroe there was no question for us to settle. It was settled by Lepsius seventy years ago. While we need hardly say that the strange error is an unintentional oversight, it is regrettable that the first report on modern excavations at Meroe should place the work of the great Prussian in a light so misleading.

The excavations disclosed the temple of Amon as a long narrow structure, with a colonnaded forecourt some two hundred feet in length, behind which three successive halls led to the adytum. It was built of sun-dried brick with stone doorways. Three other sanctuaries were cleared, one of which was noticed by the University of Chicago Expedition as especially worthy of further investigation. The Liverpool Expedition would make this temple out to be the "table of the Sun" described by Herodotus. In the course of the clearances effected a mass of gold was discovered of such bulk as to be of considerable intrinsic value. It was divided among the institutions contributing to the support of the excavations, and it has been currently reported that Brussels, for example, received enough gold to recompense her for the contribution made. For some reason the volume makes no reference whatever to this find, which certainly possessed more than sensational importance. The most valuable section of the work is a treatment of the Meroitic inscriptions discovered by Griffith, in which the progress he is making in the decipherment of the lost tongue is evident. Professor Sayce also contributes an interesting discussion of Meroitic hieroglyphs.

St. Teresa of Jesus of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Embracing the Life, Relations, Maxims, and Foundations Written by the Saint. Also a History of St. Teresa's Journeys and Foundations, with Map and Illustrations. Edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P. New York: The Columbus Press.

In 1870 David Lewis, a convert to Catholicism, published an English translation, with elaborate preface and excellent annotations, of "The Life of St. Teresa, Written by Herself," and in the year following he performed the same service for her "Book of the Foundations." As these books are now out of print, Father John J. Burke has been well advised in editing and republishing them in a single volume. An introduction, contributed by Father Walter Elliott, gives some account of the personality and work of the Saint, and of her place in the long hierarchy of mystics. "Not meditation," he observes, "but contemplation is St. Teresa's peculiar field of instruction. What St. Ignatius was to the active-minded prayer of meditation, that was St. Teresa to the quiet-minded prayer of contemplation." Those not already initiated in this mystical literature will find the full doctrine of this prayer of contemplation unfolded in the eleventh and following chapters of the "Life," where the Saint speaks "of those who begin to be the servants of love":

A beginner must look upon himself as making a garden, wherein our Lord may take His delight, but in a soil unfruitful, and abounding in weeds. His Majesty roots up the weeds, and has to plant good herbs. Let us, then, take for granted that this is already done when a soul is determined to give itself to prayer, and has begun the practice of it. We have, then, as good gardeners, by the help of God, to see that the plants grow, to water them carefully, that they may not die, but produce blossoms, which shall send forth much fragrance, refreshing to our Lord, so that He may come often for His pleasure into this garden, and delight Himself in the midst of these virtues.

Let us now see how this garden is to be watered, that we may understand what we have to do: how much trouble it will cost us, whether the gain be greater than the trouble, or how long a time it will take us. It seems to me that the garden may be watered in four ways: by water taken out of a well, which is very laborious; or with water raised by means of an engine and buckets, drawn by a windlass—I have drawn it this way sometimes—it is a less troublesome way than the first, and gives more water; or by a stream or brook, whereby the garden is watered in a much better way—for the soil is more thoroughly saturated, and there is no necessity to water it so often, and the labor of the gardener is much less; or by showers of rain, when our Lord Himself waters it, without labor on our part—and this way is incomparably better than all the others of which I have spoken.

The long allegory which follows is one of the *loci classici* for the mystic practice. Its imagery, as indeed the whole of St. Teresa's writings, will affect different readers according to their temper and training. To some, as to the present reviewer, these passages will exude a certain odor of unconscious eroticism which is not altogether pleasant. Somehow this feeling comes out more strongly in the English than in the Spanish, owing no doubt to the fact that our harsher language has never been trained to the expression of these religious symbols. It should not be forgotten, however, that St. Teresa,

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like many another mystic, was remarkably efficient in practical affairs.

A novel feature of the present edition is the reproduction of a series of excellent plates which first appeared in "L'Espagne Thérésienne, ou Pélérinage d'un flamand à toutes les fondations de Ste. Thérèse," a diary of Hye Hoys, a native of Ghent, who at the cost of great labor and privation, made a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Saint in 1866. His engravings of monasteries and relics are valuable and very interesting. But where is the translation of the Diary itself, which the title-page and introduction announce? We have failed to find it, unless it lies concealed in the notes on the engravings printed as an appendix to the volume. As a compensation there is an excellent index.

Acts of the Privy Council of England. Colonial Series. Vol. V, 1766-1783. Edited through the direction of the Lord President of the Council by James Munro, M.A., under the general supervision of Sir Almeric W. Fitz Roy, Clerk of the Privy Council. London: H. M. Stationery Office.

With the exception of a final and supplemental volume to be issued next year, which will contain matter from the uncalendared papers in the Privy Council Office, this series is now finished and forms a noteworthy work of permanent value. The undertaking has been pushed with exceptional celerity, having been planned in 1906 and the first volume issued in 1908. The present instalment, which covers the period from 1766 to 1783, has a peculiar interest, in that it discloses the machinery of the British administration at work during a time when attention is usually absorbed by the activities in Parliament, where lay the real agency of control in all that concerned the wider relations with the colonies. Yet during these years the Council Committee and the Board of Trade (to 1782) were not inactive bodies and played no inconsiderable part in directing the routine of administration in America. Strangely enough, however, neither body seemed aware of the serious nature of the colonial unrest and was apparently oblivious to the fact that great issues were at stake. The traditional policy of the British Government was maintained, if anything, more rigidly than before, and even under the shadow of rebellion against the royal authority, the Council, the crown lawyers, the Board of Trade, and its legal advisers insisted to the full on the authority of the Crown, the validity of the instructions to the governors, and the integrity of the British policy. Such insistence on the entire letter of the law was a clear case of administrative bureaucracy. One meets with no evidence of statesmanship in these pages, and the list of councillors shows no men of statesmanlike rank, a rank indeed all too empty in those days.

Sir Almeric Fitz Roy, in his admirable preface, calls attention with approval to the fact that if a clerk of the council of the seventeenth or eighteenth century could reënter upon the work of today, he would find the practice as to reference, reports, and orders in all important respects unaltered, and he notes that in British history changes in the spirit and intention of policy have thus been masked to those who witnessed its development. That this is a characteristic of British method we all know, but we must at the same time believe that the British departmental system, at certain periods of its career, would have promoted a truer progress and have relieved the Government and people of defeat and humiliation, had it shown itself more open to the conditions that confronted it and less tenacious of many of its time-worn prepossessions. The events of the American Revolution are a sufficient proof of this assertion.

Notes

Richard Washburn Child's new novel, "The Blue Wall," will be issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. next month. The same house has contracted with Henry S. Harrison for a new novel whose title is not yet announced.

Among the books which Small, Maynard & Co. have in hand are: "The Campaign of Gettysburg," by "Miles," the pen-name of an English army officer; "Tripoli the Mysterious," by Mabel Loomis Todd; "White Mountain Trails," by Winthrop Packard; "The Story of Evolution," by Joseph McCabe; "In Forbidden China," by Viscount D'Ollone, leader of the French Exploration party of 1909, translated by Bernard Miall; "The Isle of Strife," by George C. Shedd, and "Wilhelmina Changes Her Mind," by Florence Morse Kingsley.

Henry Holt & Co. will add this month several new volumes to their Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, among them: "Mediæval English Literature," by W. P. Ker; "The English Language," by L. Pearsall Smith; "English Sects, a History of Nonconformity," by W. B. Selbie, and "Buddhism," by Mrs. Rhys David.

Smith & Elder are bringing out "The Church in the Pages of *Punch*." The author, the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie, has sketched the esteem in which *Punch* has held the clergy for the past seventy years.

In "War and the Private Citizen," which will be published by P. S. King & Son, Dr. A. Pearce Higgins discusses several questions which were left unsolved by the Naval Conference of London.

Announcement is made of the publication, for private circulation only, of John Muir's memorial to Edward H. Harriman, under the title of "E. H. Harriman." The book cannot be bought, but a copy will be sent free to any librarian who will make application to the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

Samuel Merwin's new novel, "The Citadel," will be brought out this month by the Century Co.

In "The Great Taxicab Robbery," shortly to be issued by John Lane Co., the author, James H. Collins, has described minutely the incident which startled New York a few months ago.

The same house announces "The Children of Alsace," by René Bazin, a member of the French Academy and of the committee who brought Rodin's bust, La France, to this country.

In the April number of *The American Journal of International Law*, just issued, Ernest Nys, the accomplished Belgian jurist and diplomat, concludes his learned paper on "The Development and Formation of International Law." A fundamental question is, To what extent has custom influenced this branch of the law? (for many take exception to Austin's dictum that what is designated "Law" is only international morality). Citing Revier, "the intention of contracting States is specifically to legislate in international matters, irrespective of whether they propose to create one or more new principles or whether they decide to develop new principles already in existence," he remarks, "These treaties, these declarations, these general acts, are the sources of International Law." M. Nys is especially eulogistic when commenting on the attitude and acts of our representatives at the 1907 Hague Conference and on Secretary Root's instructions to them. Secretary Knox also comes in for praise, in M. Nys's paper, for his identical note "to the Powers, inviting their approval of a plan to broaden the jurisdiction of the International Prize Court of Appeal, thus anticipating the court proposed by Mr. Root, without slackening the efforts to obtain such a court, at the next Conference." Professor Hershey discusses the "International Law of Aerial Space" briefly but comprehensively. The Editorial Comment considers Italy's use of balloons for discharging bombs and destructive missiles upon undefended towns in North Africa, in the light of her assent to the Convention of the Second Hague Conference respecting the laws and customs of War on Land. She had not assented—though Turkey had—to the Declaration of the 1899 Hague Conference against the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons, or by other new methods; but had, to the other Convention, prohibiting the attack or bombardment, *by whatever means*, of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are undefended. This was Article 25; and Article 27 further provided that in sieges and bombardments all necessary steps should be taken to spare historic monuments, hospitals, and places where sick and wounded were collected, unless they were at the time used for military purposes. In another paper Thomas Willing Balch concludes that Hudson Bay has in the past been, and that it is to the interest of all nations that it should remain, an open sea. Clement L. Bouvé examines Russia's liability in tort for Persia's breach of contract. He does not contend that the United States was authorized to take action against the exercise of Rus-

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sian authority in Persia, even though such exercise might result in the deposing of Mr. Schuster as Treasurer-General, but that we were entitled to insist that Mr. Schuster should be protected in his rights of person and property, including the right accruing from his contract with the Persian Government.

E. P. Dutton & Co. offer a new edition of Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels." For those not familiar with this pleasant bit of mock heroic writing, we may say that, besides an elaborately witty introduction on the glories of scoundrelism in general, there are chapters on Capt. Hind, Moll Cutpurse and Jonathan Wild, Ralph Briscoe, Sixteen-String Jack, George Barrington, Sheppard and Cartouche, Deacon Brodie, and other genial despisers of artificial distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*.

Hilaire Belloc has put forth another little volume called "First and Last," containing some forty small essays treating of such themes as cheese, St. Patrick, and the end of the world (Dutton). They are written with his customary briskness, and they are not without a palatable flavor of history and travel. Two or three are even mildly clever: for example, the account of the Battle of Hastings, "related in the manner of Oxford and dedicated to that University." First and last, however, there is an immense deal of beating of the bushes for the number of hares started.

A dozen years ago when everyone was still reading "Rudder Grange," Frank R. Stockton asked Mrs. Frederick Gotthold which of his stories she liked best. Her choice of the fairy tale, "Old Pipes and the Dryad," pleased him, and some time later, when the publishers were preparing a new edition of his stories, she had them print for her a copy of the fairy tale, each page being on a leaf of vellum, which she illuminated and decorated and sent to him. In return she received a small book of manuscript, the title-page bearing the words: "The Lost Dryad. By Frank R. Stockton. Only Copy." Its recipient's interest in the Eastern Branch of the United Workers of Greenwich, Conn., has now prompted her to give the story to them for publication. The magazine rights have been sold, and with the money thus obtained an edition of one thousand copies of the tale has been printed. The proceeds are to go to the construction of a children's clubhouse and playground in "a very poor little village, where some of the little ones wander through childhood almost as forlornly as the Lost Dryad bereft of her oak-tree."

To the numerous translations of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is now to be added one into the language of Uganda, according to a recent announcement of the Religious Tract Society which has it in press. Considering the remarkable popularity of the book—after the Bible "the most widely read in England," says Taine in his "History of English Literature"—it is interesting to note that all the early editions were evidently meant only for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. It is perhaps the only instance in which the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

"Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia" (Richmond: Virginia State Library), edited by H. R. McIlwaine, have now been issued covering the following periods: 1712-1714, 1715, 1718, 1720-1722, 1723-1726. The text of these journals has been obtained from transcripts of the manuscript copies in the Public Record Office, London, there being, so far as is known, no originals or early copies in America; the records have never before been printed. The list of the Burgesses for each of the five Assemblies is given, together with a short preface containing the historical setting, and a synopsis of each session. Studied in conjunction with certain other works, these records are most valuable for reconstructing the early history of Virginia. They supplement the official letters of Gov. Spotswood, in the first two volumes of the Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, and the corresponding volumes (chiefly Vol. IV.) of Hening's Statutes. For special students and for old residents of Virginia, the present work will not be dry reading. Racy disputes between the Governor and the Assembly were numerous, with altercations over the tobacco laws forming a not unfitting burden. We can mention here only a few of the more significant incidents. In 1715 Peter Beverley was elected to the House from William and Mary College, but the House decided that the College, being still under the control of the trustees, was not entitled to representation. The second session of 1718, beginning November 11, proved to be one of the most exciting that had occurred in colonial history. An effort was made to remove Gov. Spotswood, who replied hotly, and was strong enough to hold his seat, though the strife was waged well into 1720. In this year two new counties were created, Spotsylvania and Brunswick, to secure the northern and southern passes of the Blue Ridge, and it was requested of the King that each should be held by a garrison of English troops. After much agitation of the matter, Spotswood was permitted, in 1722, to go to Albany to negotiate a treaty with the Five Nations. At the same time, his incumbency of office ended. His administration extended from 1710 to 1722, and, though stormy, is acknowledged to have been beneficial to the colony. He was superseded by Col. Hugh Drysdale.

To obtain ample revenue for all the needs of the colony, an act was passed to lay a duty on liquors and slaves, the duties to be paid by the importers. This caused violent opposition by the English merchants, especially the Royal African Company, and the act was repealed. The act for the better regulation of the militia required that "all free white male persons in the colony between the ages of twenty-one and sixty should be liable to military duty, that arms and ammunition should be provided by each militiaman, that county musters should be held at least once a year and company drills at least four times a year, with penalties for failure to attend. In 1726 Gov. Drysdale announced that the state of his health made a voyage to England necessary. But he promised that while there he should be glad to "serve so loyal, peaceable, and kind" a people as he had found the colony of Virginia to be. This was a strong contrast to language often adopted by Gov. Spotswood. The voyage oversea, however, was never undertaken; Gov. Drysdale died in Virginia on July 22 of that year.

"A Manual of Heraldry" (Lippincott), by Gale Pedrick, F. R. Hist. Soc., is a book of digressions at once delightful and annoying. Of "armorial instances" both British and Continental, it presents great store; but of principles of heraldry it offers little. It is a catalogue of armorial charges and their occurrence, mitigated with anecdotes more or less apocryphal, and supplemented with six general chapters. Of the latter, that on the influence of heraldry upon "poetry *and literature*" considers only the heraldic passages in Scott. Without glossary, without index, perverse in its chapter-division and in its paragraphing, Mr. Pedrick's manual, although intended to be popular, is at times more tedious than volumes far more technical. Indeed, for major incoherence, it is comparable only with the "Accedens of Armory" of that garrulous Elizabethan, Gerard Legh. Most praiseworthy, however, is the author's condemnation of the heraldic laxities of the present day; if conditions in England merit this reproof, what must we think of those prevailing in America?

"The Full Recognition of Japan," by Robert P. Porter (Frowde), is a portly volume of nearly eight hundred pages, excellently equipped with maps, and is an attempt to sum up the Japan of to-day as a political and industrial factor in the international world. The writer, a capable journalist, is naturally more at home in the present than in the past, but his preliminary remarks on early history and ethnology are inexcusably crude. In the chapter on the Tokugawa Shogunate he betrays little or no acquaintance with first-hand authorities on the subject. He is fond of quoting Dr. David Murray, whose Japan in the Story of the Nations series is an excellent compendium, but now nearly twenty years old. Mr. Porter's more cursory sketch of mediæval Japan is annoyingly out of drawing. He speaks of the daimio of Satsuma as if that nobleman played the leading rôle in western Japan at the time of Xavier's visit; as if it were a case of Xavier vis-à-vis Prince Shimadzu. But Otomo Yoshishige of Bungo, who became a convert and warm personal friend of the saintly Jesuit, was perhaps the greatest potentate in the Island of Kyushu. It is a pity that Mr. Porter could not have followed his favorite Murray in the manner of his quotations from Xavier's letters; Murray's excerpts are couched in good English, but Mr. Porter serves up the modern French of Léon Pagès on page 47 (of course, without acknowledgment), and evidently supposes that he is quoting directly from the saint's correspondence!

As the reader proceeds further he discovers how sadly inadequate are the writer's qualifications for the heavy task he has undertaken. At page 697 he refers in passing to the Agricultural College of Sapporo, of which Nitobe is a graduate, without suspecting that this College is at present the most important part of the University of the Northeast or Tohoku; the other colleges being located at Sendai. The College of Medicine at Fukuoka will form the nucleus of the fourth, or Southwest, University. It is at present attached to the University of Kyoto, which has its own

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College of Medicine; the College of Medicine of the University of Tokio being naturally in Tokio. There are other misstatements in this extraordinary paragraph. The chapter on Hokkaido (xliii) pays no attention to the Ainus or Zezos (*sic?*), who are pitchforked into chapter ii, and Japanese Literature (xxix) does not mention Dr. Nitobe, the accomplished author of "Bushido." Errors like Deshiman-island, Asama-yan, Wakasam, scattered throughout the book, *may* be regarded as printer's errors, but are greatly to be regretted in a work that pretends to be authoritative; they do *not* occur in similar works that have appeared from the London press in recent years.

J. J. Houben's "Jungdeutscher Sturm und Drang" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a work covering one of the most interesting periods in the history of German literature. The group of writers who, stimulated by the revolutionary current of thought that swept into Germany from across the Rhine and animated the stagnant atmosphere of the post-Napoleonic period, has become of late the subject of serious research. The present tendency is towards a thorough revision of the conclusions reached by a previous generation of critics and historians. The present study follows the group from those early controversies of Börne and Heine with the authorities which gave the young generation its cue, and recounts with judicious insight the outbreak of hostilities between the leaders of the new school and Wolfgang Menzel—then the infallible authority on literary matters in Prussia—as well as the disputes which were carried into the official camp and resulted in prosecution by the Government. The proceedings admirably served the purpose of bringing into prominence writers who under normal conditions would have had some trouble in attracting attention, even though some of these men were of indisputable gifts and strong personalities. That Laube and Gutzkow survived their comrades in the cause was due to their more liberal endowment and their activity in the field of the drama, which assured them a permanent place in German letters. But the book of Dr. Houben derives its main interest from those chapters in which he discusses the less known members of that curious group of dissenters. He quotes a letter from Börne to Gustave Kühne, containing this characteristic passage:

> We are all concerned in this, all Germany, all the youth of the country is being wronged, abused, and crucified in those five men, and we all, who still have a drop of youthful blood in us, must join them, that the league of Young Germany may reach farther and farther.

The five men referred to were Heine, Gutzkow, Wienbarg, Mundt, and Laube. Dr. Houben has thoroughly investigated the ambiguous part played by Wolfgang Menzel, and does not hesitate to say that Heine's charge of denunciation was not unfounded. The book is full of comparatively new information; its statements are backed with documentary evidence, and its clear and animated style makes it very agreeable reading. Its value as a book of reference is enhanced by a complete glossary and index.

"The Aristoxenian Theory of Musical Rhythm" (Putnam), by C. F. Abdy Williams, is not easy to characterize fairly. The author makes no claim to original views, either on Aristoxenos or on musical rhythm. He wishes simply to make accessible to English musicians the substance of a book no longer new, R. Westphal's "Allgemeine Theorie der musikalischen Rhythmik." He carries out his plan on the whole pretty well. In the absence of English books treating of rhythm in any broad or general way, little is imparted to students of music beyond what is fairly obvious in our musical notation. Aristoxenos can teach us something more; and for that part of the Aristoxenian theory which is rightly here made prominent Westphal was a good guide, though something has been learned since his day. But, not being acquainted with even Westphal's own later work, Mr. Williams did not recognize what was due to him in Laloy's little treatise, which he praises for one of Westphal's ideas. Worse than that, Mr. Williams is not sufficiently at home in his Latin and Greek authorities to avoid serious errors in detail. Strange translations will puzzle the reader. Terentianus Maurus appears as Terentius Marius (p. 5); surprising statements are made, with no note of uncertainty, about Greek tragedy—as that the chorus in Sophocles took no part in the dramatic action (p. 17), and that in form comedy was the same as tragedy, or that "the dialogue was carried on in melody, accompanied by the instruments" (p. 18). Even in some fundamental definitions there is confusion. In the brief preface, rhythm is not properly differentiated from expression, or expressiveness. Yet these things mostly concern either minutiæ which the musician already understands, or matters which as musician he does not care for. On the other hand, the analysis of the musical examples on Aristoxenian principles is mostly well made. So that we have a book which is unscholarly, from the classical student's point of view, while it may be instructive and useful to some who would like to know more of the principles of rhythmical structure which composers have instinctively followed.

The Rev. Dr. Willis Judson Beecher, formerly a member of the faculty of the Auburn Theological Seminary, died on Friday, aged seventy-four. He was the author of several treatises on Biblical subjects.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who died on Monday in Victoria, B. C., was the author of "Journeys Through Unknown Canada," being an account of her explorations in the summer of 1908.

We record with regret the death, at the age of sixty-seven, of Dr. Henry Sweet, who since 1901 has been university reader in phonetics at Oxford. Students on this side of the water, quite as much as those in England, have long consulted with respect his "Primer," "Reader," and "Student's Dictionary" of Anglo-Saxon. His other publications are too numerous to be listed here, but we may call attention to his works on phonetics and to his brief "History of Language."

The Rev. Alfred John Church, whose death is reported at the age of eighty-three, was professor of Latin at the University College, London, and the author of several translations and popularizations of the classics.

Science

Stability in Aviation. By G. H. Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The general conclusions show that there should be no difficulty in securing inherent stability, both longitudinal and lateral, in an aeroplane, by means of suitably placed auxiliary surfaces rigidly attached to the machine; but in order to achieve success the conditions of stability must be very carefully studied, and account must be taken of the effects of the inclination of the flight path to the horizon and other causes which may affect the result seriously.

With so much hopefulness does the author, who is professor of pure and applied mathematics in University College, North Wales, approach this difficult subject. The problem of how to keep aeroplanes stable, can, he believes, be solved if only enough students are enlisted to work at its manifold and perplexing details.

The main portion of the book is devoted to a mathematical discussion, which should, however, be comprehensible to many practical engineers; for the author is well known for his concise and simple treatment of mechanics. The numerous formulæ given have been checked independently by H. E. Harper, a familiar name in aeronautics, who in other ways, also, has been of assistance to Professor Bryan. An idea of the nature and scope of the work can be had from some of the questions considered, among which are the following: The effect of shifting the centre of pressure; the case where the centre of propeller thrust does not pass through the centre of gravity; effect of inclination of propeller axis, and the effect of friction. The mathematical treatment is extended to many other practical matters. Professor Bryan concludes that the stability of the aeroplane having "bent up wings," like the Antoinette type, is dependent upon the position of the centre of gravity. This design is that having a great dihedral angle of the supporting planes. The subject is considered with reference to "sudden gusts of wind which quickly subside," "permanent change in wind velocity," and "periodic gusts of wind." Professor Bryan's opinion of automatic auxiliary devices to steady the aeroplane in its flight is seen in the following paragraph:

> Quite recently, much has been written regarding so-called "automatic stability," depending on the use of gyrostats, pendulums, or other movable parts. Apart from the fact that movable parts are liable to get out of order, it must be remembered that they increase the number of degrees of freedom of the machine, thus further adding to the number of conditions which have to be satisfied for stability—a number quite large enough already. I anticipate that the successful aeroplane of the future will possess inherent, not "auto-

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matic" stability, movable parts being used only for purposes of steering.

The final pages of the book contain a comparison of the author's theories with those of Bryan-Williams, Ferber, Lanchester, Brillouin, Reissner, Crocco, Soreau, and Lecornu, all of whom have published theoretical discussions on the problem of stability. The concise abstracts of the papers of the foregoing investigators, which are here given, provide the student of the subject with a convenient history of opinion.

At the end a few pages are given up to problems and notes, and a nomenclature. The volume is a valuable addition to the series of Macmillan's Science Monographs.

Henry Holt & Co. have almost ready "The Illustrated Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees," by J. Franklin Collins and Howard W. Preston, and a revised edition of "Botany for High Schools," by Prof. George F. Atkinson.

Additions to the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, promised shortly by Henry Holt & Co., include: "Psychology," by W. McDougall; "Physiology," by J. G. McKendrick, and "Matter and Energy," by F. Soddy.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press a book on "Auction Bridge," by Francis Johnstone Hopson.

The menace of a potato famine in this country is discussed by Eugene H. Grubb and W. S. Guilford in a book, called "The Potato," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish.

The Second National Conference on Industrial Diseases, as announced by the American Association for Labor Legislation, will take place June 3-5 at Atlantic City. One session will be held jointly with the American Medical Association.

To the mass of nature books Mrs. Ellen Robertson-Miller adds the "Moth and Butterfly Book" (Scribner). The thirty-six chapters, well written and profusely illustrated, are mainly a record of personal observations and experiences in rearing our common moths and butterflies. The pictures are largely from photographs, some of which are excellent while more are lacking in sharpness, a fault shared by most of the current photographs of living insects. The book is the outgrowth of ten years of enthusiastic study, but as this study was undertaken solely for relaxation, the result should not be judged from too technical a point of view. It will be welcomed by many whose interests have already been aroused in out-of-door life, and it may also, as the author most of all desires, "reach some one weary and overtaxed, and help him find the rest, relaxation, and enjoyment in the fairyland of Natural Science that the little mother and I found when the moths and butterflies showed us the way."

J. de Bruyn Kops, architect and civil engineer of Savannah, Ga., publishes in the *Monthly Weather Review* his charts representing the chief climatic elements of that city. From many years of study Mr. Kops has become thoroughly acquainted with its climatic conditions, and he designs his buildings accordingly. The charts give the daily fluctuations of temperature and precipitation for the period from 1874 to 1910 from Weather Bureau records, and other data, such as the mean monthly relative humidity, average, and extreme periods of frost, the whole being presented in compact and convenient form, based on that known to geometers as the method of polar coördinates.

Bryn Mawr College has suffered a great loss in the death, on May 4, of Dr. Nettie Maria Stevens, associate in experimental morphology. She was one of the few women really eminent in science. Her chief interest was in the study of regeneration and in the connection of the germ cells with the problems of heredity. She had studied in Naples and in Germany, and had written many monographs on her special topics.

Drama and Music

Edwin Björkman, whose translations of three of Strindberg's plays were recently published by Scribners, will bring out this summer, through the same house, an English rendering of Strindberg's "There Are Crimes and Crimes," a drama dealing with modern life in Paris.

Five of Prof. C. H. Page's translations of Molière have been brought out by the Putnams in four attractive individual volumes. They are "Tartuffe, or The Hypocrite," "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme (The Tradesman Turned Gentleman)," "Les Précieuses ridicules (The Affected Misses) and Le Médecin malgré lui (The Doctor by Compulsion)," and "Les Femmes Savantes (The Learned Ladies)."

"The War God," of Israel Zangwill, which was produced experimentally in London by Sir Herbert Tree, and received with moderate enthusiasm, is now published in book form (Macmillan). Described as a tragedy in five acts, it has none of the inevitableness or impetus of true drama, but is a thesis in theatrical form, with tragic illustrations, arbitrarily contrived to give point to the arguments with which the action is constantly impeded. On the literary side it is an ingenious and occasionally impressive piece of work. It has some notable poetic passages, although the blank verse is often feeble and frequently marred by curious verbal affectations. In construction it is utterly artificial, and in its final outcome—after endless debates—inconclusive and insignificant. But the characterization is vigorously done, and the debates between the typical personages are admirable summaries of the social and other views which they are supposed to represent. Thus the Count Torgrim, the embodiment of the rule of blood and iron, a somewhat fantastic exaggeration of Bismarck; the King of Gothia, who believes in the divine right of kings and is modelled in part upon the German Emperor; the Duke of Pomberg, a foolish, bombastic, military sycophant; Count Frithiof, the apostle of love, who is Tolstoy with an added touch of divinity; Baron Konrad, the philosophic, and the Lady Norna, the militant anarchist, are all vividly and consistently, if somewhat extravagantly, drawn, are thrown into effective contrast with one another, and proclaim their several views with comprehensive precision. The arrangement and the exposition are clever, but do not constitute drama. Even the most impressive scene in the play, that in which Frithiof is killed by Norna in the revolutionary camp—because his gospel is antagonistic to her creed—is weakened by its transparent artifice. Oratorically the piece is an impassioned manifesto against the evils of the imperial and militant idea and a forecast of the millennium under the law of universal love and liberty. Actually, in the final development, the autocratic Torgrim is overthrown, not by the spirit of modern enlightenment, but by a melodramatic trick, and the empire he has built falls under the rule of the contemptible Pomberg and his besotted Emperor. The work has brilliant qualities, but they are those of the pamphleteer, not the dramatist.

Charles Frohman has obtained the American rights of a new comedy, "The Heart Decides," now running at the Athenée Theatre, Paris, under the title of "Le Cœur dispose." The piece is by Francis de Croisset, author of "Arsène Lupin." It is a comedy in three acts, and will be adapted for the English-speaking stage by Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

According to the latest reports, arrangements of Sir Herbert Tree's professional visit to Paris have been virtually completed. He is going to show the Frenchmen, who have been exhibiting a good deal of interest in Shakespeare lately, how the Bard of Avon ought to be interpreted. His performances will be given at the Châtelet, beginning on June 20, and will include the plays to be presented at the forthcoming annual Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre in London—"Henry VIII," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Othello." Doubtless he will be accepted as the representative Shakespearean actor of Great Britain, as few Frenchmen have heard of F. R. Benson, H. B. Irving, or Oscar Asche. In the more distant future Sir Herbert will produce a new version, by W. S. Maugham, of "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme," with a prologue. In this introduction Sir Herbert will be seen in the character of Molière at the court of Louis XIV, where the King will suggest to him the subject of the comedy. This will help to identify him with Molière in the character of M. Jourdain. The idea is ingenious. The autumn production at His Majesty's will be "The Daughter of Heaven" of Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier.

The latest production of Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at the London Royalty, is a play by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton called "Peter's Chance." It is a love story of the slums.

"The Jew of Prague" is the name of a romantic drama in four acts, of which Alfred Wilson Barrett, son of the late well-known actor, is the author. It is to have a provincial trial, with Ben Webster as the hero.

Charles Maude has an option on "Panthea," a new play on which Monckton Hoffe is engaged, and of which high expectations are said to be entertained. It is a tale of illicit love, with a tragic ending, the erring lovers both committing suicide. Lily Elsie is spoken of as the probable heroine.

The report comes to us, as we go to press,

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of the death of Auguste Strindberg, Sweden's most prominent author. He was born in Stockholm in 1849, the son of a small tradesman and a former barmaid. He attended the University of Upsala, but left without taking a degree, and turned to a number of interests, among them medicine, before deciding to make writing his vocation. Even after he was an established author, it was hard for him to confine his great intellectual energy to literature. At one time he threw himself heart and soul into experimentation in chemistry, hoping to revolutionize the subject; he emerged with his mind temporarily unbalanced. Every sphere of human knowledge attracted him, and nothing did he care to accept at second hand. The same spirit is evident in his writings. His works include treatises on psychology, history, economics, besides romances, poems, and plays. As a playwright he is, of course, best known. Of his numerous dramas, "The Link" recounts faithfully the heart-burnings of one of his three unsuccessful marriages; "The Dream Play" is a phantasy, in form not unlike "The Bluebird"; "The Dance of Death," in two parts, is a domestic tragedy, and is sometimes called Strindberg's most notable performance; "The Father" has recently been seen in New York, and "Miss Julia," a tragedy of illicit love, was to have been brought to this side, but was delayed. A batch of his plays, the three first mentioned, have recently appeared from the Scribner press in a translation by Edwin Björkman. The *Nation* will discuss Strindberg's work at greater length next week.

Karl Friese, the popular German actor, is dead in Dresden, where for nineteen years he was leading comedian and stage manager of the Royal Theatre. He was seen first in New York at the Thalia Theatre in 1886, and was very successful in comic opera with Marie Geistinger. He played in this city for three years, and then travelled as far West as San Francisco. In 1890 he returned to Europe, and after a short stay in Hanover removed to Dresden. He was fifty-six years old.

Breitkopf & Härtel are about to publish the earlier operas of Wagner, faithfully in accordance with the original scores. Included are "Die Hochzeit," "Die Feen," and "Das Liebesverbot." Hitherto the full scores of these works have never been issued, and, indeed, only "Die Feen" of the three operas has been seen upon the modern stage; it was sung in 1888, at Munich. The third, called in English "The Novice of Palermo," is described as a "great comic opera," and is in two acts. Its libretto is based upon "Measure for Measure"; the opera was produced at Magdeburg seventy-six years ago. "Die Hochzeit" is a mere fragment, consisting of an introduction, a chorus, and a septet. The autograph copy of the score is only thirty-six pages long.

Concert-goers in Berlin had opportunities, not long ago, to compare in a single week the interpretative art of five famous conductors — Arthur Nikisch, Richard Strauss, Fritz Steinbach Max Reger, and Siegmund von Hausegger.

The German critics praised Busoni's opera, "Die Brautwahl," which had its first hearing at Hamburg on April 15. The audience, according to one observer, appeared considerably puzzled by the novelty of the style and hardly able to appreciate either its humor or its poetry. Signs of hostility became more and more pronounced as the evening went on; but the majority were favorable, and the composer and the conductor and singers were heartily cheered at the end. The plot is based on one of E. T. A. Hoffmann's fantastic tales.

Art

The Ideals of Indian Art. By E. B. Havell. With 33 plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Until very recent years there has been virtually no study of any of the Indian fine arts, except architecture, that has evinced real sympathy with its subject; some of the treatises, notably Sir George Birdwood's "Industrial Arts of India" (one of the Handbooks of the Victoria and Albert Museum), have systematically depreciated all Indian art; and other works, such as Maindron's "Art indien," have been too brief to be just. There are, however, indications of a revolt against this narrow spirit. Four years ago Mr. Havell, who was formerly principal of the Government School of Arts at Calcutta, published a very handsome volume, entitled "Indian Sculpture and Painting," and containing magnificent pieces of color printing. In his latest work he seeks to supplement his former treatise with special references to the idealistic aims of the painting and sculpture of India. He constantly pleads that Indian art must be judged according to Indian, not English, canons—a plea which ought to be needless, yet which, as a matter of fact, is only too necessary. He is right, moreover, in comparing the deep religious spirit of India's art to that of the Christian Middle Ages, and in emphasizing its oneness with all great manifestations of the spirit.

A quotation will make the author's position perfectly clear:

> Beauty, says the Indian philosopher, is subjective, not objective. It is not inherent in form or matter; it belongs only to spirit, and can only be apprehended by spiritual vision. There is no beauty in a tree, or flower, or in man or woman, as such. All are perfectly fitted to fulfil their part in the cosmos; yet the beauty does not lie in the fitness itself, but in the divine idea which is impressed upon those human minds which are tuned to receive it. The more perfectly our minds are tuned to this divine harmony the more clearly do we perceive the beauty, and the more capable we become, as artists, of revealing it to others. . . . Therefore it is, as the sage Sukracharya says, that, in making images of the gods, the artist should depend upon spiritual visions only, and not upon the appearance of objects perceived by human senses. . . . The whole spirit of Indian thought is symbolized in the conception of the Buddha sitting on his lotus-throne, calm, impassive, his thoughts freed from all worldly passions and desires, and with both mind and body raised above all intellectual and physical strife; yet filled with more than human power, derived from perfect communion with the source of all truth, all knowledge, and all strength (pp. 23-24, 32).

Thus we see why absolute fidelity to nature is not essential to Indian art. The physical emaciation of the Buddha after his fasting is not what is emphasized; his spiritual beauty is the aspect in which the artist sees him. To us the representation of a god with four arms seems ridiculous; but if a god is more mighty than a man, this can be symbolized only by some such attribute, and the effect to the sympathetic observer—who alone can judge art—is no more bizarre than is the halo in Christian art, which in its turn is foolishness to the materialist. Polycephaly is superficially a blemish; but by the reviewer's desk hangs an Indian painting of the four-armed, four-headed Brahma, whose four faces simply quadruple the one divine majesty of the countenance of the god and give not the slightest impression of deformity.

The symbolism of Indian art is repeatedly considered by Mr. Havell, particularly for Brahmâ, Vishnu, Çiva, and Ganesha, although sometimes his explanations seem rather fanciful, and he presses the allegorical interpretation of Indian mythology probably too far. Nor is it certain that the legend of the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons to gain the draught of immortality is to be explained as a rain-myth. Again, the author is carried away by his enthusiasm when he says (p. 36) that the Hindu Olympus has no sensuous delights, for he seems to forget Indra's heaven, which is on a moral plane with Mohammed's paradise.

This brings us to the chief blemish in the work. It is the author's intentional disregard of modern archæological conclusions and of the data afforded by Sanskrit literature. Through it he has been led into one rather serious error. He says (pp. 25, 86) that idols were unknown before the entrance of Græco-Roman influence into India early in our era. Yet he himself refers to mentions of idols in the great Indian epic of the "Mahabharata" (p. 125), and there are allusions to images of the gods also in the "Adbhutabrahmana" and the "Kauçikasutra," whose date, like that of the epic, is far anterior to the beginning of the Christian era. It may also be questioned whether Mr. Havell does not stress too strongly the influence of Vedic ideals throughout Indian art, for with the migration of the Aryans from the Panjab, their whole outlook on life seems to have changed, partly through the infiltration of aboriginal, non-Aryan blood and religion.

Mr. Havell is correct in saying (p. 15) that in the initial period of the so-called "early Buddhist" art "the prevailing

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influence is not the idealism of Aryan thought, but the naturalism of the non-Aryan races which were converted to Buddhism," among the elements of this art being the Central and East Asian and the Helleno-Persian. On the other hand, Indian art profoundly affected that of China, and—what is not so generally recognized—that of the Mohammedans, so that in the Moghul period, when under Muslim dominion the religious themes of Indian art perforce gave way to secular, the miniature painting then developed so perfectly "was not entirely an importation into India from Persia, but largely a revival of the art of the Buddhist and Hindu court painters" (p. 133). It was, however, during this same period, particularly during the long reign of Aurangzib (1658-1707), that virtually all Indian paintings, except those in the Ajanta caves, were destroyed. This is especially regrettable since in India painting has always been considered inferior to sculpture, for the reason that, in accordance with the doctrine of salvation by works (*karma-marga*), sculpture, being more laborious and costly, is superior to painting as a means of acquiring merit. Besides this, much painting has doubtless been destroyed by time, just as the wooden archetypes of India's stone architecture have vanished. Despite all this, one feels, both in this volume and in the "Indian Sculpture and Painting," that Mr. Havell has not given to the Hindu painting of the Moghul and post-Moghul periods the attention which it deserves.

Two clever remarks of the author call for special mention: that the inferiority of the Jains to both Buddhists and Hindus in iconography is due to their extreme ascetecism, scanty mythology and hagiology, and general contempt for worldly affairs (pp. 128-129); and that the reason for the relative paucity of epic themes in Hindu sculpture is the fact that "the temples were held to be dwelling-places of the *devas* [gods], and consequently the figures of human beings could only be appropriately represented on the exterior. Thus the principal sculptures within the sacred precincts related exclusively to the divinities who were worshipped therein, and generally to events which took place in the paradise of the gods" (p. 138).

Finance

CONFLICTING INDICATIONS.

It is not often that a single week comprises two news developments, in the domain of trade and industry, so diametrically opposite to each other that the Stock Exchange, which is supposed to interpret what is happening, sits in bewildered uncertainty and merely gazes alternately in the two directions. This, however, is precisely what has occurred on the present occasion. Along with official confirmation of a distinctly bad start to the crops and a very unusual loss to the most valuable of our staples, last week produced evidence of equally unmistakable improvement in the basic steel trade.

The Government's monthly crop report showed that out of the 32,213,000 acres sown to wheat in this country last autumn, 6,469,000 acres, or 20 per cent., had been abandoned because the severe winter weather had killed the plant; this being the largest "winter-killing" in the Department of Agriculture's record. It showed the condition of what was left to be the lowest May average since 1904, and its estimate of the indicated yield of winter wheat was the smallest, except for 1904 and 1900, in a dozen years. But in quick sequence to that discouraging estimate came reports of a very different character from the iron and steel trade.

They showed that in this country iron production is increasing steadily, in the face of outside news which has been classed as unfavorable; that the daily rate of output at the opening of May was the largest since this time in 1910; that the Steel Corporation, despite an unusually large production and shipment of finished steel in April, had on its books unfinished orders, when the month was ended, greater than in any month since December, 1909—a larger amount of unfilled contracts, indeed, than has ever been reported at this time of year, except in the abnormally active spring business of 1906 and 1907. The *Iron Age* is authority for the estimate that twelve months of steel production, at the April rate, would make up a total larger by 3,000,000 tons, or 11½ per cent., than the highest record of any other calendar year.

Now the harvest outcome in the United States is commonly looked upon as a fundamental influence in prosperity; yet on the other hand, the steel and iron industry is by tradition called the "barometer" of trade activity in general. It will doubtless be said of both these present indications that they are not conclusive—that the losses in winter wheat may be more than offset by a full yield of spring wheat, corn and cotton, or, on the other hand, that the steel trade's activity may reflect only temporary conditions, subject to reversal in case of really bad luck at harvest-time.

Yet the situation of the steel and iron trade is highly interesting, and deserves some closer study. Taken by itself, the picture drawn by last week's reports in that industry might almost seem to fulfil the prediction ascribed last December to Mr. Frick, that 1912 was to be the greatest "boom year" in the steel trade's history. But it is certainly not that yet, and in fact the comparison by "annual rate of output during the month" is very apt to be misleading. April was not itself a month of high-record steel and iron production, nor a month of high-record "unfilled orders." It is tendencies rather than actual achievements which count at such times. Thus far, the tendency is clearly towards continued expansion, and it is significant that the increase in orders booked for steel last month came in spite of a rather general advance in prices. But the advances have thus far been small; the Steel Trust's recent quarterly report showed how narrow the margin of profit was, before the advance was made; and that brings up another question.

During the great revival of industry after 1897, the rapid advance of prices, in response to the urgent and willing bids of consumers, was the noteworthy incident of the period. In 1906, a similar advance in prices of commodities was made by the brute force of concentrated capital and the consumer was dragged along with it. A short-lived imitation of that second process occurred in 1909. This season, however, advances in prices, in such industries as steel and cotton manufacture, are made slowly and laboriously; the consumer watches them suspiciously, and at the start, the effect of them seems to be to curtail demand. It is an interesting question, therefore, whether this somewhat novel state of things means only that the community is slow in accustoming itself to a rising market again, after the period of prolonged depression, or means that the markets themselves are on a permanently different footing from what they occupied in the "boom times" of half a dozen years ago.

That is not a question to be answered offhand on general principles; for one of the teachings of the past is, that when certain spectacular tendencies of a given period in finance and industry have brought on a great financial panic, the subsequent chapter of economic readjustment rarely shows the old methods and practices to be again in control of things. It was as true after 1893 as it was after 1873, and as true after 1873 as it was after 1857, that the panic break-down had marked the end of one economic era and the beginning of another, whose fundamental characteristics were to be very different. The nature of the change in character of the new era in finance would rarely be discovered until the after-panic liquidation was completed and the forward movement of prosperity resumed. The boom which came next after 1857 was not based on bank inflation, as was the one before. The boom after 1873 had none of the impetus given to its predecessor by depreciated Government paper and outright thievery of corporation managers.

Our last great boom lacked the stim-

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ulus of enormous expansion in speculative railway-building which marked its predecessor, and it is evident already that no coming boom can possibly repeat the prodigious stock-watering exploits, the unbridled movement of combination, and the strangling of industrial competition, for which the period from 1899 to 1906, inclusive, will be remembered. How far the character and phenomena of the next great movement of expansion will be affected by these inevitable changes, it is still too early to determine. What is certain, at any rate, is that we have shaken off some monstrous abuses of American finance, as we did on all previous occasions of similar financial reconstruction. The authors and beneficiaries of these abuses of a by-gone era are slow to recognize the change; they have always been so on similar ocasions, and they have always had to submit to some rude reminders. But the public at large has usually been found to have learned the lesson quickly, and the character of the economic period now ahead of us will be determined very largely by the attitude of the purchasing and consuming public.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archer, William. Play-Making. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.
Blewett, G. J. The Christian View of the World. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.
Bois, Jules. Naïl (poème dramatique). Paris: Fasquelle. 2 francs.
Bonola, Roberto Non-Euclidean Geometry. English trans. by H. S. Carslaw. Chicago: Open Court. $2 net.
Braby, M. C. Downward. Rickey & Co. $1.25 net.
Breitenbach, L. M. Alma at Hadley Hall. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Cæsar. Selections for sight reading. Edited by H. F. Towle and P. R. Jenks. Boston: Heath.
Carhart, H. S., and Chute, H. N. First Principles of Physics. Boston: Allyn & B. con.
Cutting, M. S. The Lovers of Sanna: a novel. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Deeping, Warwick. Fox Farm. Cassell. $1.20 net.
Draper, A. S. Necessary Basis of the Teacher's Tenure. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Eggert, Robert. The Log House Club. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1 net.
Ernst, Otto. Master Flachsmann (Flachsmann als Erzieher): A Comedy in Three Acts. Trans. by H. M. Beatty. Duffield.
Ganghofer, Ludwig. Gewitter im Mai. (German novels series.) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Gilbert, G. H., Wightman, L. I., and Saunders, W. L. The Subways and Tunnels of New York. Wiley & Sons. $4 net.
Hall, H. M., and C. C. A Yosemite Flora. San Francisco: Elder & Co.
Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Harper. $1.75.
Haynes, Williams. Scottish and Irish Terriers. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Janvier, T. A. From the South of France. Harper. $1.20 net.
Jessup, A. L., and Logue, A. E. The Handicraft Book. A. S. Barnes Co.
Kephart, Horace. Sporting Firearms. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Kerkhoven, Thomas. Roman von Korfiz Holm. (German Novels Series) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Lacombe, Paul. L'Appropriation du Sol. Paris: A. Colin. 5 francs.
Lalo, Ch. Introduction à l'Esthétique. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Laughlin, J. L. Banking Reform. Chicago: National Citizens' League for the Promotion of a Sound Banking System.
Lauvrière, E. Edgar Poe ("Grands écrivains étrangers"). Paris: Bloud. 2.50 francs.
Legouis, Émile. Défense de la Poésie Française. London: Constable.
Lemaître, Jules. Chateaubriand. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 francs.
Library Work Cumulated, 1905-1911. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co. $4 net.
Lowry, E. B. False Modesty. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents.
McAfee, C. B. The Greatest English Classic: A Study of the King James Version of the Bible. Harper. $1.25 net.
Macauley, Ward. Cheap Turkey. Duffield. 50 cents net.
Maud, C. E. No Surrender. Lane. $1.25 net.
Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Vol. IX, Operations on the Atlantic Coast 1861-65, Virginia 1862, 1864, Vicksburg. Boston.
Mortu Proprio of Pope Pius X, Dated June 29, 1910. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Mountjoy, Henry. The Minister of Police. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Muir, John. Edward Henry Harriman. Doubleday, Page.
Munroe, J. P. New Demands in Education. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
New International Year Book, 1911. Dodd, Mead.
O'Shea, W. J., and Eichmann, A. E. Composition Books by Grades—Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. Merrill Co. 24 cents each.
Oxenham, John. Queen of the Guarded Mounts. Lane. $1.25 net.
Page, C. W. The Care of the Insane and Hospital Management. Boston: W. M. Leonard.
Paine, R. D. The Judgments of the Sea, and Other Stories. Sturgis & Walton. $1.20 net.
Paullin, C. O. Diplomatic Negotiations of American Naval Officers, 1778-1883. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.
Reimers, C. E. Die deutschen Bühnen und ihre Angehörigen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.
Report of the Commissioner of Education for year ended June 30, 1911. Vol. I. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Rousset, Lt.-Colonel. 1871—la Commune à Paris et en province (Février-Mai). Paris: J. Tallandier. 5 francs.
Singleton, Esther. How to Visit the English Cathedrals. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Slaught, H. E., and Lennes, N. J. First Principles of Algebra: Elementary Course. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Smith, H. L. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Boston: Page & Co
Speer, R. E. South American Problems. Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents.
Stacy, T. H. Wayside Garniture. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Sutherland, H. V. Idas and Marpessa. An Idyll. Desmond FitzGerald.
Tabor, Grace. Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery; Making a Garden to Bloom this Year. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net, each.
Taylor, Duncan. Composition of Matter and the Evolution of Mind. Scribner.
University of Manchester Publications. Outlines of Education Courses. Longmans. $1 net.
Urban, G. H. Sons of God and Daughters of Men. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Vignaud, Henry. Américic Vespuce: ses voyages et ses découvertes devant la critique. Paris: Société des Américanistes.
Whitlock, Brand. The Fall Guy. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $1.25 net.

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